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March, 2000

TRUE WEST

NO BULL

SINCE 1953

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BACK ISSUES

Since 1953, **True West** has been the leading source for the West.
Back issues of the venerable magazine are few and far between, and cherished by collectors of Western Americana (the very first issue, at right, goes for $25). Call for a list of available issues and individual pricing.

Issue 1 Jun. 1953 SOLD OUT

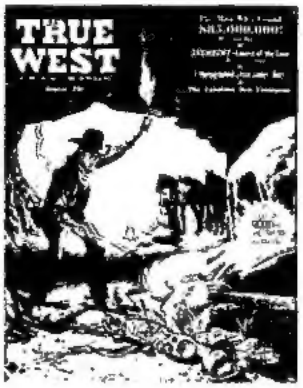
Toll free (888) 687-1881

Issue 37 Feb. 1960

TRUE WEST
SHOSHONE WAR PARTY
BOB OLINGER AS I KNEW HIM
TWENTY NOTCHES ON HIS GUN
A TON OF COAL FOR BABY DOE
HOME BASE FOR THE MUSTANGERS
AT CUTTHROAT GAP
AGENT FOR WELLS FARGO

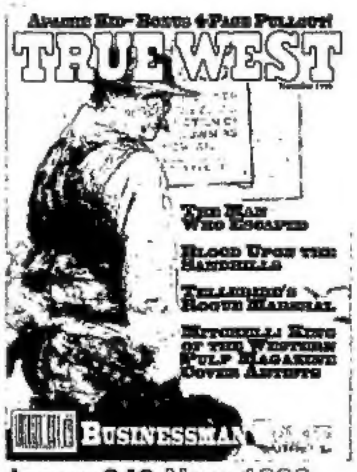
Issue 98 Mar. 1970

Issue 24 Nov. 1957



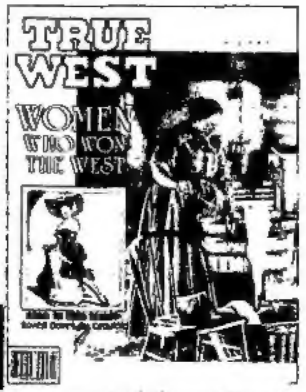
Issue 35 Oct. 1959

Issue 265 May 1990



Issue 343 Nov. 1996

Issue 215 Mar. 1986



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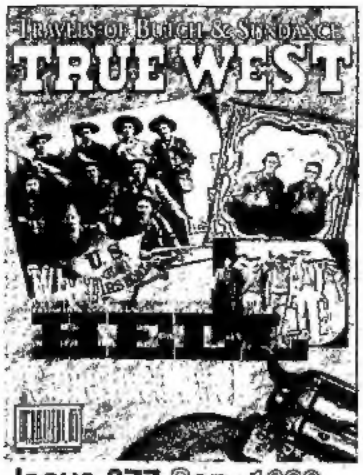
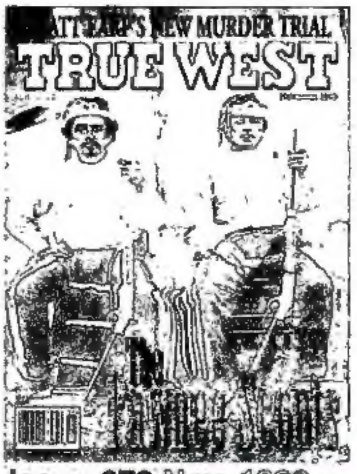
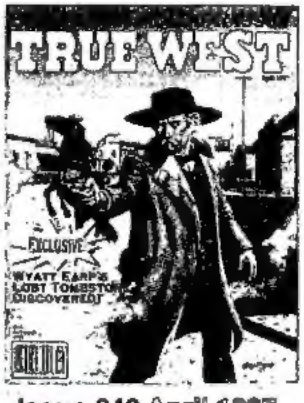


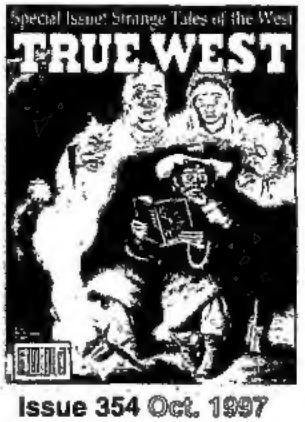
Issue 377 Sep. 1999



Issue 379 Nov. 1999



Issue 348 April 1987



Issue 354 Oct. 1987

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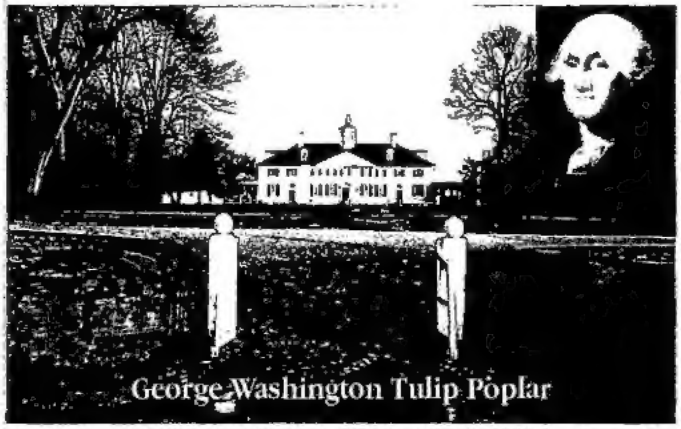
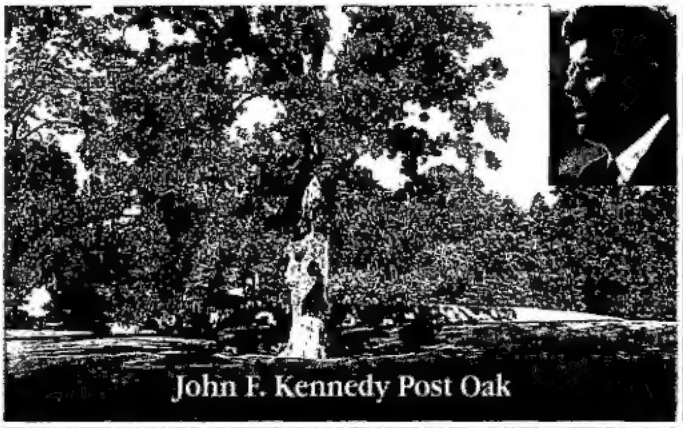
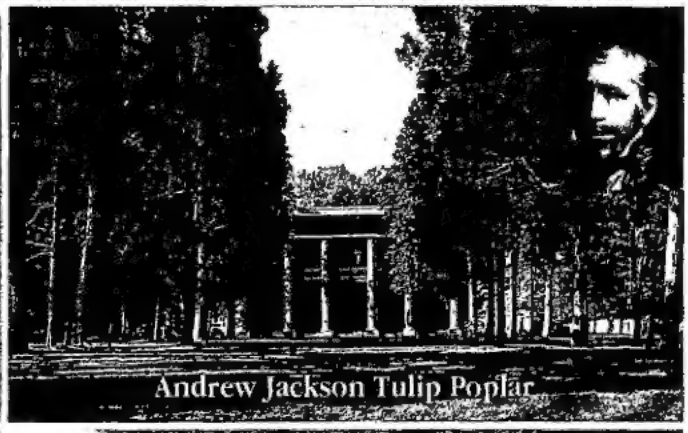
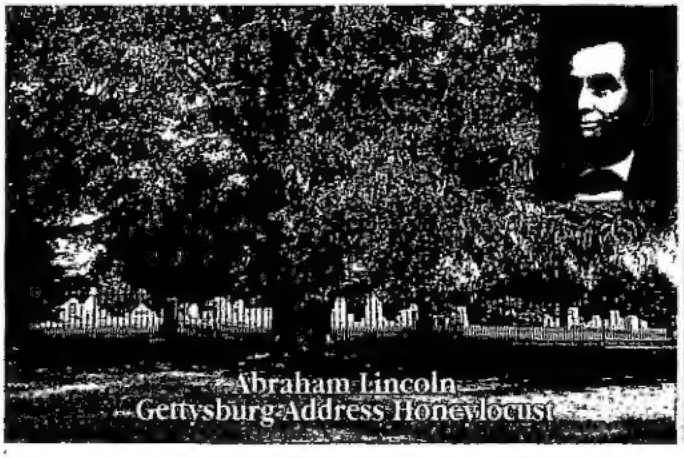
★★★★ HELP LAUNCH A NEW ★★★★ PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

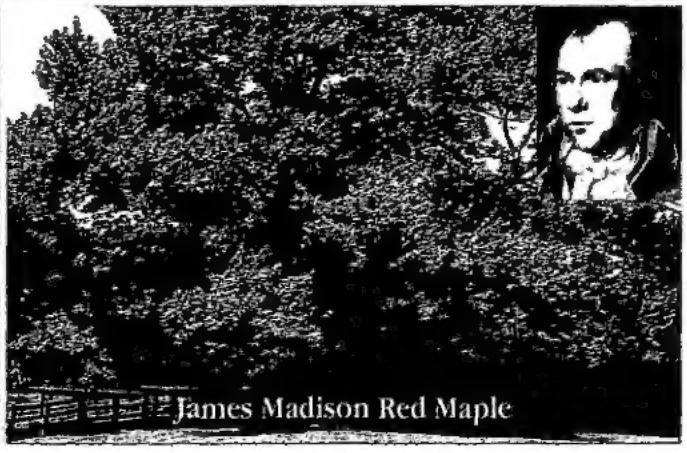

George Washington Tulip Poplar

Franklin D. Roosevelt Redbud


John F. Kennedy Post Oak


Andrew Jackson Tulip Poplar


Abraham Lincoln Gettysburg Address Honeylocust


James Madison Red Maple

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March 2000 · Volume 47 · Issue 3

TRUE WEST
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FEATURES

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18 Killed by a Cowboy
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Our Cover
The Grey Fox: Richard Farnsworth
Courtesy Dick Farnsworth.

This page: Wounded John Sontag & Posse. Courtesy California State Library.

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TO THE POINT

CUTTING THE HERD

Change. Cost. Credibility. Reputation. Tradition.

These words have been flying around the offices of *True West* a lot lately, during weekly business meetings and late-night jam sessions, in an effort to find the shortest road to long-term success.

This month's cover is the first step toward Change. We wrestled with the idea for some time; agonized over it. We finally agreed that Dick Farnsworth was worthy of our editorial profile: a true cowboy with insight into Hollywood myth-making and the changing West.

The page opposite this editorial rant best represents our goals regarding Cost. After some sleepless nights, we've decided to scale-back and revitalize our sister publication, *Old West*. Truth be told, the numbers just weren't there. *Old West* as it stood, was a money pit; too much time and effort for too few subscribers. Instead of the old, familiar quarterly, we will be presenting *Old West* as a semi-annual journal, starting in May 2000, complete with a bigger, bolder format.

Credibility issues have been knawing at us as well. How do you bring America's premiere western history magazine into the 21st Century, attract younger readers, appeal to a mass audience, and still retain a long-standing standard of accuracy and excellence? Some will point a finger at new departments like "Wild, Wild Sex" and "Historical Twins" and write them off as being juvenile and a waste of space. We are prepared for this, but stand behind our decisions. Both sex and humor played a big part in our past (and our present), and each adds a new outlook on the West. Are the subjects valid, and credible? Sure. Are they likely to raise a few eyebrows? We sure hope so.

Reputation is a tough nut to crack. While we have retained a reputation among history buffs as a credible (there's that word again) and reliable source, we've also gained a reputation in the darker corners of the magazine business as being low-ball and a non-threat. In other words, we aren't considered a "contender." We fully expect to blow both claims off the map. We will be THE source on the American West, at the same time dropping competitors by the side of the road. Think we can't do it? Even we don't know the answer to that one, but we won't give up without a fight. Joe Small would have wanted it that way.

Which brings up Tradition. When Joe launched this magazine in the gravy days of the 1950s, he never imagined that it would last this long. He fought each competitor and critic tooth-and-nail, and won. Over thirty western mags came and went, but *True West* kept right on truckin'. Fasten your seatbelts, or get the hell out of the way.

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Attention Old West Subscribers...

True West Magazine
P.O. Box 8008
Cave Creek, Arizona 85327
480 575-1881
Fax 480 575-1903
mail@truewestmagazine.com

You no doubt have been wondering where your latest issue of *Old West* is. We here at the new *True West* have been laboring, long and hard on a bigger and better model.

In the past, *Old West* has been a quarterly, coming out four times a year. The new *Old West* will become a semi-annual journal, coming out twice a year with expanded editorial and more bang for the buck.

Take a look to the sides of this letter and you will see some of the mockups for the new *Old West*, which will premiere this May.

Rest assured, your *Old West* subscription will be covered. We will match you dollar for dollar on any time you have left on your subscription.

And what about those articles you loved in *Old West*? They will be bigger and better in the new editions with expanded coverage and better graphics and more color.

Consider yourself a charter member of an exciting new direction for *Old West* magazine.

If you would like to sign up, or you have any questions, please feel free to call us toll free at 888-687-1881 and we'll take care of you.

Westernly,

Bob Boze Bell
Executive Editor
True West Publishing

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Ducking Bullets

"The only thing we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history."
–Old Vaquero Saying

…**Michael Hickey** is reportedly ready to publish a 700-page opus on **Warren Earp**. Historians and buffs alike are shaking their heads, trying to get their minds around the idea that Hickey could manage that many pages about Wyatt's younger brother. Although the rollout date has been fluid, a big summer celebration is being planned in Willcox, Arizona, the location of Warren's death in 1900…

Leon Metz descended into Hardin Hell and lived to tell about it.

…not to be outdone, **Lee Silva's** long-time-coming tome *Wyatt Earp: A Biography of the Legend*, is supposedly clocking in at 800 pages (and it's Volume I!)…

…also on the Earp front, watch for several articles debunking the **Fred Dodge** claim he worked undercover for **Wells, Fargo** while he was in Tombstone. Word is that **Robert Chandler** is writing a piece in *The Arizona Journal* and **Don Chaput** is writing a similar take for the NOLA (National Outlaw and Lawmen History Association) *Quarterly*. According to the latest speculation, Dodge himself made up the undercover story to enhance his own legacy…

…Is **John Wesley Hardin** still killing men from the grave? According to esteemed author, **Leon Metz,** the Texas gunfighter most certainly is. Metz, whose biography, *John Wesley Hardin: Dark Angel of Texas* was published in 1996, admitted in a piece written for **Western Writers of America**, he felt like the infamous shootist was trying to kill him. "We seemed to be mentally communicating," the author related, "and not always in a respectful manner." Metz also confessed if he had it to do over again he wouldn't write the book, saying, "The success of the book hasn't been worth the emotional price I've paid." As he worked to meet the self-imposed deadline of the centennial of Hardin's death, Metz's life began to unravel (he does own up to an RC Cola intake of five cans a day). The stress, the caffeine, and Hardin's spirit combined to make Metz feel like he was losing his mind. "Writing about Hardin was like slogging through a dark swamp of evil," he related. In one harrowing episode, Metz visited Sierra Vista, Arizona, for a speech. "Suddenly, Hardin seemed all around," he related. "I became confused, sat on a street curb with tears rolling down my face." Metz had to be medicated and went into counseling. Still, he developed shakes so bad, he relates his wife had to "lay across me to keep me in bed." Metz, who won a Stirrup Award for the article detailing his descent into Hardin Hell, also asserts his belief that Hardin killed fellow author **Richard C. Marohn**, who died not long after the release of his book, *The Last Gunfighter: John Wesley Hardin.*

John Wesley Hardin just keeps knockin' 'em dead.

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this month's Billy

The Real Photo

Billy the Kid had his photograph taken *only* once. But since that cold day in 1880, it seems a "new" Billy photo has presented itself every month since, give or take a few. They show up in likely places like yard sales and antique shops... and in unlikely places like high-dollar auctions and tortillas. Each month *True West* will run an "alleged" photo of Billy... see if it could be a real Billy to you!

If you have a "Billy" photo you would like to submit for inspection, please send the image, with return postage, to This Month's Billy, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327. Please include a phone number so we may contact you if we have any questions regarding your submission.

Could It Be?

Source

Carlos Hadaway, Fountain Hills, Arizona

Provenance

Supposedly came from an Irish family in Alamagordo, New Mexico (Billy gave it to his Irish sweetheart).

Similarities

ON A SCALE OF 1-10

Ears: 9.2 • Eyebrows: 8 • Nose: 5 • Chin: 6

Total Score

28.2

Comments

Unfortunately, the image is a daguerreotype (obsolete by 1850s) which would put it too early for Billy's time frame.

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Letter of the Month:

Howdy Marcus,

I figured something was in the wind when the staff was cut down to five.

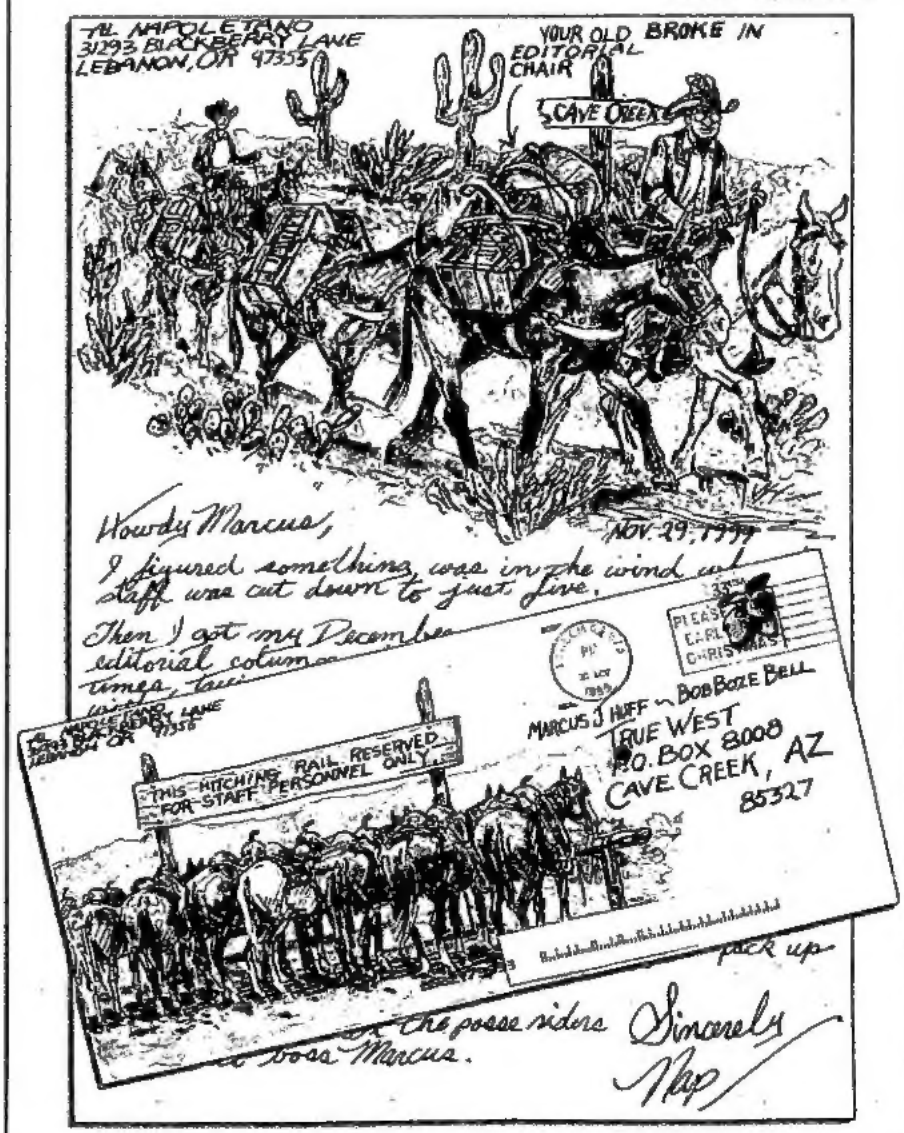
Then I got my December 1999 issue and read your editorial column. In fact, I read it over several times, trying to figure out how you make changes with a magazine like *True West*. My copy of the January 2000 issue gave me the answers I was looking for.

First off, I was pleased to see that you are still editor and mainly that you will be getting help from Bob Boze Bell. I particularly like the new *True West* logo on the cover and the changes made inside the magazine.

I'll bet Steve Gragert was sorry to see you pack up and head to Cave Creek.

My very best to the posse riders, and trail boss Marcus. Sincerely, Nap.

AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO
LEBANON, OREGON



Change for The Better...

I just received my January *True West* and I like what I see. I have been a reader for many years and hope that the changes don't change the feel of *True West*. Your magazine has always felt like a friend. Unlike another western magazine published in Virginia that feels more like an advertisement than a friend.

LEE STROSCHINE
HOPKINS, MICHIGAN

I saw my first copy of *True West* in a drug store in Bethalto, Illinois, twelve years ago. My son bought my first subscription as a Christmas present. I loved your recent article on the Fieldon, Illinois, bank robbery. After living in Illinois for forty-eight years, I retired from a steel mill in Alton and we moved to Camp Verde, Arizona. Imagine my surprise when I read in the January 2000 issue you moved your offices to Cave Creek. Does the small town, open door, drop-by-and-see-us rule, still apply?

DARRELL R.
CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA

Yes, of course. Come visit anytime. We're behind the Goatsucker Saloon in downtown Cave Creek. Better bring a jacket and a clothespin though, because we don't have any heat and it stinks.

You think we're kidding? Below is a photo of office mates, Beckie Peters and Marcus Huff, trying to stay warm outside our offices in late November.

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Welcome ya'll to Arizona Territory where we still ride horses, and carry rifles in our pickup trucks. I'm amazed you guys made the move, got the magazine out on time, and still held the herd together all the way to Cave Creek. A couple of spelling glitches only show you might have gotten into a little *tizwin* upon reaching Apache country, but I'm no great speller myself (John Slaughter drove a *hard* of cattle?).

PHYLLIS DE LA GARZA
WILLCOX, ARIZONA

Bravo! The new *True West* looks great. And I'm delighted to hear that Bob McCubbin is aboard.

DICK DILLON
MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Hey! You guys are serious about this change business! Just received the aluminum issue (I'm so sick of the word "millennium" I could crap snowballs). Wow! The cover and new logo were knockouts and the new Cody photo as a symbol of the new mag was a nice touch. And that's no Bull!

WILLIAM SECREST
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Scary But True

I greatly enjoyed the October '99 issue of *True West*. It was very entertaining, albeit, it didn't scare me. I especially enjoy it when an article has genuine pictures of the people or person that the article is being written about. You guys must really enjoy your jobs to dig so deep for some of the research.

VERNON E. HAYES, JR.
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Finding Fouts

I noticed that *True West*'s photo editor is Craig Fouts. Back in 1986, shortly after Anne [Meadows, author of *Digging Up Butch & Sundance*] and I embarked on our quest to figure out the story of Butch Cassidy & The Sundance Kid in South America, we were put in touch with Mr. Fouts, by whom, I can't remember. Anyway, I called him out of the blue and he kindly provided us with photocopies of a batch of Butch Cassidy letters, news clippings from Bolivia, and outlaw photographs. Even though I haven't been in touch with him in more that a decade, I've never forgotten his thoughtfulness in assisting a couple of neophyte investigators.

DAN BUCK
WASHINGTON, DC

Cover Boy Roy

Great cover art on the February issue. Has Roy Anderson done anything else?

LOU CADY
SIERRA VISTA, ARIZONA

Our cover boy, Roy Anderson, is one of the famous Cowboy Artists of America. His new coffee table book Dream Spinner *was published in October 1999.*

Change for The Worse...

Not everyone is happy with the changes. One longtime subscriber cancelled his subscription as soon as he saw Allen Barra's name in the masthead. We also have heard some distant carping about our new cover slogan, "No Bull Since 1953," with some wags gleefully sighting alleged gaffs and goofs over the years. As the changes continue, no doubt the grumbling will increase, but we are undeterred. It's our intention to make *True West* the best little ol' magazine in the entire West, if it kills us.—Ed.

We welcome your thoughts. Address all letters to True West, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327, or e-mail us at mail@truewestmagazine.com. Please include your name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for content.

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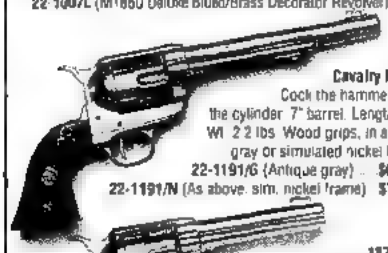
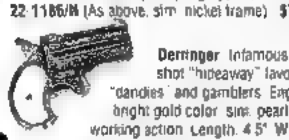
Used by both Union and Confederate forces, this cap and ball revolver is full-size (14") and weighs a hefty 2 lbs. 8 oz. The loading lever, hammer, trigger and cylinder action work like the rare expensive original. Made with real wood grips, gray or blued/brass finish.
22-1007G (M1860 Gray Decorator Revolver) $67
22-1007L (M1860 Deluxe Blued/Brass Decorator Revolver) $72



1873 Cavalry Pistol
Cock the hammer, spin the cylinder. 7" barrel. Length 13" Wt. 2.2 lbs. Wood grips, in antique gray or simulated nickel frame.
22-1191/G (Antique gray) ... $67 PPD
22-1191/N (As above, sim. nickel frame) $72 PPD

1873 "Peacemaker"
Classic .45 revolver with wood grips and working action. 4.75" barrel. Length. 11.5" Wt. 2 lbs.
22-1186/G (Antique gray) ... $66 PPD
22-1186/N (As above, sim. nickel frame) $72 PPD



Derringer Infamous, two-shot "hideaway" favorite of "dandies" and gamblers. Engraved bright gold color sim. pearl grips, working action. Length. 4.5" Wt. 1 lb.
22-1253 (Decorator Derringer) $39 PPD

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BUFFALO BILL AT THE AUTRY

Beginning March 4, 2000, the Autry Museum of Western Heritage will host the American premiere of a new exhibition on Buffalo Bill and his legacy. Buffalo Bill's Wild West was produced by the Royal Armouries of Great Britain, located in Leeds, England, and it brings an unprecedented collection of Buffalo Bill's items together for the first time.

Exhibits will include an original 1867 Deadwood Stagecoach, bought by Buffalo Bill in 1911 and used during the show's "Attack on the Deadwood Stage" act. Annie Oakley's gold-plated single-shot rifle, the gold pendant presented to Cody by Queen Victoria, and Cody's elaborate silver service will also be featured.

Although Buffalo Bill's Wild West toured extensively in the United States, the show first came to England in 1887 and returned in 1892 and 1903. The Autry exhibit will chronicle both tours. For more information, contact:

Autry Museum of Western Heritage
4700 Western Heritage Way
Los Angeles, CA 90027
(323) 667-2000

An early publicity photo of Buffalo Bill, part of the special Wild West exhibition at the Autry this March.

OTHER EVENTS:

Fifth Annual Tonkawa Hills Rendezvous
February 2-5, 2000
Anadarko, OK
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Novelty shoot, Hawk and Knife throw, primitive archery, and mountain man walk. Guns must be of pre-1840s design. Come in primitive dress for competition. Families will be living like early pioneer days Camping and Indian dancing can be seen. There will also be herbal medicines and foods available.

Upper Skagit Bald Eagle Festival
February 5-6, 2000
Concrete, WA
(360) 853-7009

Visitors to the upper Skagit River view one of the largest populations of wintering bald eagles in the lower forty-eight states. Trained hosts at riverside locations provide information and viewing with spotting scopes. Many naturalists and guest speakers cover a wide range of topics from eagles to salmon to local history, conservation and geology. Hosted bus tours, conservation organization displays, live eagles and other raptors from a raptor rehabilitation center, Northwest Artisan Gallery. Bluegrass concert and jam session with Bryan Bowers and Phil & Vivian Williams on Saturday. Native American drummers and costumed dancers on Sunday.

First Americans, First Oklahomans: Indian People.
February 6-27, 2000.
Norman, OK
(405) 366-1667

Photographic exhibit documenting the story of Native Peoples in Oklahoma from ancient times to present day.

February 11, 1805

Lewis and Clark's Shoshone guide, Sacajawea, gives birth to baby boy at a Mandan village near present-day Bismark, North Dakota.

Winter Festival of Acoustic Music
February 11-12, 2000
Irving, TX
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The Festival features a series of concerts from nationally known perform-

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February 24-27, 2000
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Mike Harvey 830-997-9090

Bumble Bee Campout Arizona CMSA World Points Qualifier
February 25, 26, 27, 2000
Bumble Ranch, Bumble Bee, AZ.
Contact ACMSA (623) 412-3036.

Georgia Cowboy Mounted Shooters Association
March 11, 2000
Georgia Horse Park,
Conyers,GA.
(678) 413-9217.

Festival of the West CMSA National Championship
(CMSA World Points Qualifier).
March 16-19, 2000.
Scottsdale, AZ at Rawhide.
Cowboy Mounted Shooters Association (480) 471-0485

Trailhead
(CMSA World Point Qualifier)
March 25, 2000.
Columbus, TX.
(281) 351-1845

Arizona Cowboy Mounted Shooters Association
March 26, 2000.
Scottsdale, AZ at Rawhide.
Contact ACMSA (623) 412-3036

Stampede
March 10-12, 2000
Las Vegas, NV.
(702) 565-4868

ers, featuring acoustic instruments including the hammered dulcimer, mountain dulcimer, autoharp, harp, fiddle, guitar, banjo and others. The festival also holds a series of workshops for traditional acoustic instruments.

Re-enactment of the Return.
February 13, 2000
Columbus, NM
(505) 531-2663
Re-enactment of the 1917 return of U.S. soldiers from Mexico after hunting Pancho Villa.

February 17, 1909
Geronimo dies of pneumonia at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Civil War Winter Encampment Reenactment of the Battle of Round Mountains.
February 18-20, 2000.
Jim Thorpe Park
Yale, OK
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Tulsa Indian Art Festival
February 18-20, 2000
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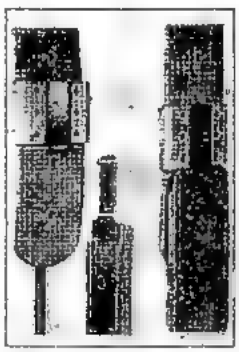

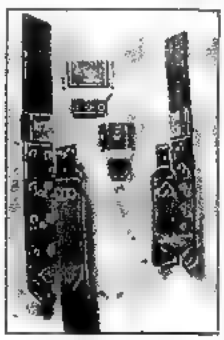

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March 6, 1836
The Alamo falls.

March 6, 1866
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March 9, 1916
Pancho Villa and his ragtag army invade the United States and attack Columbus, New Mexico.

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March 15, 1881
The Benson stage is robbed just north of Drew's Station, Arizona Territory. Wyatt Earp and others get on the trail the next day.

March 16, 1894
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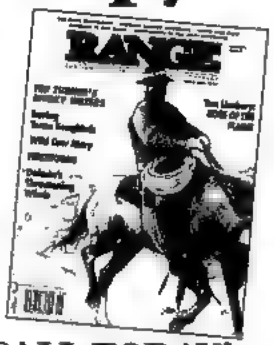

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WILD OLD DAYS

THE PASSING PETROGLYPHS OF BUFFALO EDDY

By Spring de Leon

Snake River's Hells Canyon proves the deepest gorge in North America, several thousand feet deeper than the Grand Canyon. Sheer, rugged walls characterize Hells Canyon, a majestic souvenir of past geological movement. Lava from active underwater volcanoes in the Pacific millions of years ago built up a series of islands and pushed into North America. This tectonic plate movement, accompanied by uplifting, erosion, and more volcanic action, brought about the awe-inspiring formation of Hells Canyon. Lewis and Clark made a trip on the Snake in 1806 and notes written by a member of that expedition marvel at the "mountain high" rocks and hills of Hells Canyon.

The Snake's Lower Hells Canyon, which divides Idaho and Washington State, is the site of the Buffalo Eddy Petroglyphs. Located on both sides of the Snake, 14.4 miles south of Asotin, Washington, and easily accessible from Asotin County Road #209, the stone carvings are located on large groups of faulted, metamorphic rocks which extend into the surging river. These rocks are noticeably weathered with various textures, and most of the petroglyphs are pecked into soft, granular surfaces while the remaining glyphs occupy harder, shiny surfaces.

Some glyphs are rather difficult to see, on both sides; Washington's side has fallen victim to thoughtless vandals who have either spray painted, chiseled, or stolen glyph panels. The Idaho side has suffered from years of weathering and lichen growth, and less from vandals, as the site is only reachable by boat.

Stickmen, animal figures, and geometric designs make up a total of 885 petroglyphs here. They are an intriguing array of visual history, but their meaning forever remains a mystery in Native American culture. The local Nez Perce Indians claim no acknowledgment that their ancestors were associated with the symbols, and neither the Nez Perce nor any other tribe can interpret the petroglyphs. The Buffalo Eddy petroglyphs are unique in their human figure carving; some bodies are carved in a triangular shape with a horned headdress and a handheld "barbells." Nowhere else at any other rock sites of the Columbia Plateau is this type of triangular figure found. The barbells could depict twirling bola stones which are usually found carved with bighorn sheep or other stickman figures also throwing prehistoric weapons.

Stickman figures with these horned headdresses (shaman or ceremonial chiefs) and sheep occupy most of the panels, suggesting a kind of hunting ceremony or power over animals. Shamans were probably responsible for carving the mountain sheep and horned humans, grouped together to guarantee hunting success.

Many of the glyph groups face upstream, to the south. The carvers intentionally chose to do their time-consuming artwork under the sun's warmth. This indicates these glyphs may have been carved during late fall or early spring, when sheep came down to lower elevations for food. Many of the glyphs depict stick-like hunters and Rocky Mountain Bighorn sheep, the most widely depicted animals at Buffalo Eddy.

The Buffalo Eddy petroglyphs appear to have been carved during two time periods, the earliest glyphs occurring around 4500-1700 B.C., and the youngest circa 1300-300 B.C. Early researchers argued that some of the petroglyphs are older, dating possibly as far back as 12,000 B.C.

The 885 petroglyphs are divided into thirty groups. Within each group are

one or more panels, and within the panels are one or more glyphs. Individual panels show the same carving style, but the style differs when compared to other petroglyph groups. This indicates the panel carvings were done by one carver, while other glyph groups were done by later, different carvers or carvers of other cultural heritage.

The earliest petroglyphs reveal round-headed, long-bodied stickman figures and stickman figures with horned headdresses grouped with some elk. Mostly Bighorn sheep are depicted, with long, swept-back horns, long rectangular bodies, and short V-shaped legs. A peculiar feature of the animals depict them with open mouths, typical of the Northern Snake River Naturalistic style.

The glyphs done in the next time frame depict mostly stickmen with horned headdresses, but have both long and short bodies. Stickmen with raised hands and holding atlatls make up a small percentage of these glyphs. Short bodies, short V-shaped legs, and short, straight horns characterize the sheep. The grouping of stickmen, weapons, and animals indicates hunting trips typical of the Modified Snake River Naturalistic style.

Horned stickmen, stickmen holding a type of spear weapon, and stickmen with twirling bola stones characterize the last style. There are also stick figures with looped hands which may represent ropes, nets, or stones, since all three were used as hunting tools prior to the bow and arrow. Most have elongated triangular bodies with short V-shaped legs, typical of the Snake River Triangular Body style. This style is what makes Buffalo Eddy such a unique petroglyph site. Animal depictions are rare this time, and the stickmen groupings provide more of a ceremonial portrayal than that of hunting.

Abstract geometric carvings such as circles, dots, triangles, lines, rayed circles, and other more detailed curvilinear and rectilinear designs can also be found throughout the site. Their complexity and arrangement prove the artists weren't whiling away time with idle doodling. There was symbolic meaning behind the designs, but unfortunately, that meaning slid down the

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trail of obscurity with the passing of time.

Buffalo Eddy's petroglyphs, as with most other petroglyphs in the Columbia Plateau, depict scenes of humans killing big game animals. Game hunting was a necessary but rather tedious fact of life for Columbia Plateau Indians. Using spears required patience and skill, and any mistake on a hunter's part could send game herds scattering.

Purification rituals and prayers to animal spirits were performed before a hunt. A tribesman with an understanding of animal behavior was chosen to perform this very important ceremony and created the rock art as part of the ritual.

A colorful controversy adorned the *Spokesman Review* and *Spokane Chronicle* during 1919 and 1927, theorizing how the Columbia Plateau petroglyphs came to be. Theories included pre-Columbian Oriental explorers studying the moon, pre-Columbian Irish monks documenting exploration of the area, and records left from Vikings who established a colony around 1000 A.D.

All of these theories are void of facts. No pre-Columbian Oriental explorers traversed across the Columbia Plateau. Lack of historical evidence obliterates Irish monks being in this region before Columbus. Vikings did occupy this continent, but only one colony, and that was on the coast of Newfoundland and lasted only two years before they were forced away by Indians.

Sound ethnographic proof bears logical (perhaps not as exciting to some) truth that these petroglyphs are the handiwork of early Indians. The glyphs proved a crucial part of their religious beliefs.

The Buffalo Eddy glyphs have prevailed against the abuse of time and vandalism. Unfortunately, they haven't received the anthropological attention they deserve. Their fading continues, but they still speak out for long silent cultures. Indeed, their beauty exudes the thoughtful aura of past human life and unspoiled simplicity.

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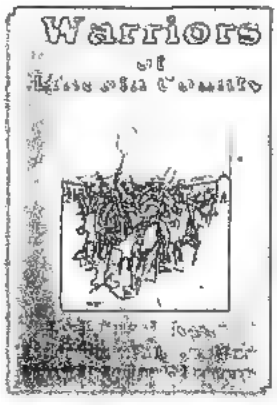

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Killed By a Cowboy

On Saturday, June 15, 1901, Tom Burns was shot and killed by a cowboy on the Tom Willis ranch in Pinal County, Arizona. The shooting was reported with impressive headlines in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *The Denver Post*, Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*, the Phoenix *Arizona Republican*, and Tucson's *Daily Citizen*. Burns was described in the newspaper accounts as "Arizona's best known gunman," and as a man who had "thirteen notches on his pistol." He was also reported to be a quarrelsome bully who forced a confrontation with a young and inexperienced cowboy. The cowhand finally killed the aging gunman and bounty-hunter in self-defense.

Mortally-wounded California outlaw John Sontag lies in a straw and manure pile near Stokes Mountain. Sontag and Chris Evans were ambushed by a secret posse consisting of Wells, Fargo agents and reputable local law enforcement. After the gunfight and capture of the two fugitives, the posse posed for photographer E.M. Davidson. From l-r: Samuel Stingley, Hiram Rapelje, Luke Hall, George Witty, William English, Tom Burns, George Gard, Jo P. Carroll, and Harry Stewart. Eight years later, Tom Burns tangled with a young cowhand and was shot to death. *California State Library*

ELECTRONICALLY REPRODUCTED

By Harold L. Edwards

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The trail which led Thomas Burns to his violent and ignoble end was a long and arduous one. Almost nothing is known of his early years except he was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1854 or 1855, from English-Irish parents. He first came to public attention in Visalia, California, in 1881 when he was arrested for assault.

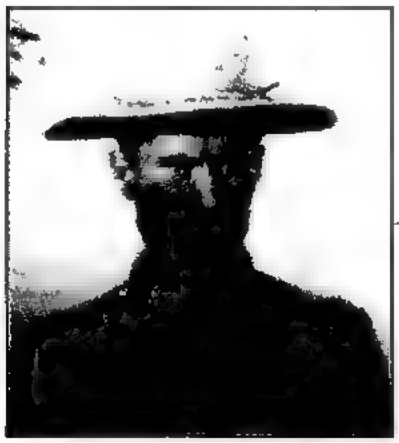
On the night of March 9, 1881, Burns was drinking in a saloon in Visalia's tenderloin district. He quarreled with another saloon patron, Augustin Feliz. During the altercation, Burns drew his revolver and fired at Feliz, shooting the sombrero from the man's head. The following morning Feliz filed a complaint against Burns. The court issued a warrant for Burns' arrest and later in the day Visalia's city marshal took him into custody.

Apparently Burns already had a reputation as a hardcase when the shooting occurred. The March 11, 1881, Visalia *Weekly Delta* reported: "Tom Burns has gotten at his old tricks again and is now in jail on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon with the intent to commit murder."

Burns' case wound its way into the Tulare County Superior Court, where he was convicted of "assault with a deadly weapon likely to produce great bodily injury." On May 6, 1881, Judge William Cross sentenced Burns to serve two years in San Quentin prison. At twenty-seven, Thomas Burns entered San Quentin as inmate #9896. He gave his occupation as a "teamster" and said he was born in Massachusetts. With time off for good behavior, Burns was discharged from prison on January 6, 1883.

Black crawled into his cabin and got his rifle. The game Texan traded shots with the assailants while Burns laid down a barrage of pistol fire.

If Burns returned to the Visalia area after his release from prison, he was involved in no further serious difficulties. In 1886 he drifted into Arizona where he was employed as a cowboy, stock detective, and possibly as a Wells, Fargo armed guard. During the spring of 1893 he resurfaced in Tulare County, California, as an operative for the Morse Detective Agency of San Francisco. Like others, Burns sought the rewards offered by Wells, Fargo and the Southern Pacific railroad for the arrests of Chris Evans and John Sontag, California's premier outlaws.



Tom Burns, a convicted gunman, served as an Arizona stock detective, Wells, Fargo inspector, railroad bounty hunter, and Morse Agency detective before gaining slight fame for the capture of Evans & Sontag. *California State Library*

From 1889 through August 1892, there had been a series of train robberies on the Southern Pacific lines in the central San Joaquin Valley. Finally, law enforcement officers and the company's detectives suspected Visalians Evans and Sontag of committing the holdups. During the night of August 5, 1892, a gunbattle occurred in Visalia between Evans and Sontag at the Evans home. During the fight, Deputy Sheriff Oscar Beaver was killed. The outlaws escaped.

The rewards for the arrests of the outlaws increased, which brought groups of bounty-hunters into the search. During September 1892, Evans and Sontag ambushed a posse at Young's cabin, near Sampson's Flat, in the Sierra Nevadas of Fresno County. The outlaws shot and killed Vic Wilson and Andrew McGinnis. After the shooting, the outlaws escaped into the nearby brush and disappeared.

Persistent rumors circulated that the fugitives were hiding in the Sierra Nevadas of Fresno and Tulare Counties and being aided by the residents of the area. In the fall of 1892 the Morse Detective Agency sent San Diego operative Samuel Black into the area to pinpoint the whereabouts of the outlaws.

Although unknown to the residents of the area, Black was a tough and persistent man-hunter who had been a law enforcement officer in Texas. Black rented a cabin at Camp Badger, in the heart of Evans and Sontag country, and gained cover employment as a teamster and woodcutter. He reported his observations to the Morse Detective Agency regularly during the winter of 1892-1893.

In May 1893, Black was joined by Detective Tom Burns, who had known Evans casually in Visalia in 1881. Burns could identify the outlaw on sight. Prior to Burns' arrival, Black had received a threat that his mission was known to the outlaws and they had ordered him out of the country. They would kill him if he didn't go. Black ignored the threat but told Burns about it. The detectives continued their efforts to locate Evans and Sontag.

On the night of May 26, 1893, Black and Burns played cards, drank some, and talked with some local sheepherders in a Camp Badger saloon. About nine o'clock they returned to Black's cabin. After he unlocked the door, Black surveyed the area before he entered his house. Burns stood about four feet behind Black when two men opened fire on them from a nearby woodpile and from behind a tree. Black fell to the ground with buckshot in his hand, leg, and groin. Burns

called to Black, who did not answer. Burns thought his partner was dead, and sprinted for the cover of some nearby timber.

Black crawled into his cabin and got his rifle. The game Texan traded shots with the assailants while Burns laid down a barrage of pistol fire. Neither Black nor Burns were hit by this round of gunfire, but neither were the assailants, who escaped into the dark. Burns enlisted the aid of two of Black's neighbors and they hauled the wounded man some twenty-five miles to Visalia, where he received treatment for his wounds. Black's wife came to Visalia and returned her husband to their home in San Diego to recuperate. (Black killed a man in San Diego in 1899 and was sent to San Quentin for manslaughter. He died from natural causes in prison in July 1902.)

Burns had a sense of humor about the gunfight at Camp Badger. When he was interviewed by a newspaper reporter about the incident, he said: "I was scared out of my wits and I ran like a deer. I jumped over a sixteen foot tree."

Most citizens and the press believed Burns and Black were attacked by Evans and Sontag. Others thought the shooting was the result of a quarrel Black had with a neighbor over a woman. The neighbor was interviewed by newspapermen and admitted he and Black had had harsh words, but that the argument was over the man's early-morning barking dogs. It was never discovered exactly who attacked Black and Burns at Camp Badger.

After the gunfight, Burns made his headquarters in Fresno. He was soon enlisted in another campaign to capture or kill Evans and Sontag

Wells, Fargo Detective John Thacker had become impatient with the lack of success in capturing the outlaws and he felt a new and different method of pursuit was needed. He believed a small posse of hard-riding, quick-shooting officers could trap the fugitives if they could move into the area secretly. He was certain Evans and Sontag had violated federal laws when they held up the train at Collis Station in Fresno County on August 3, 1892. Thacker secretly met United States Marshal George Gard, of Los Angeles, and discussed the situation in Fresno. Gard agreed the outlaws had violated federal statutes, and he and Thacker developed a campaign to capture Evans and Sontag.

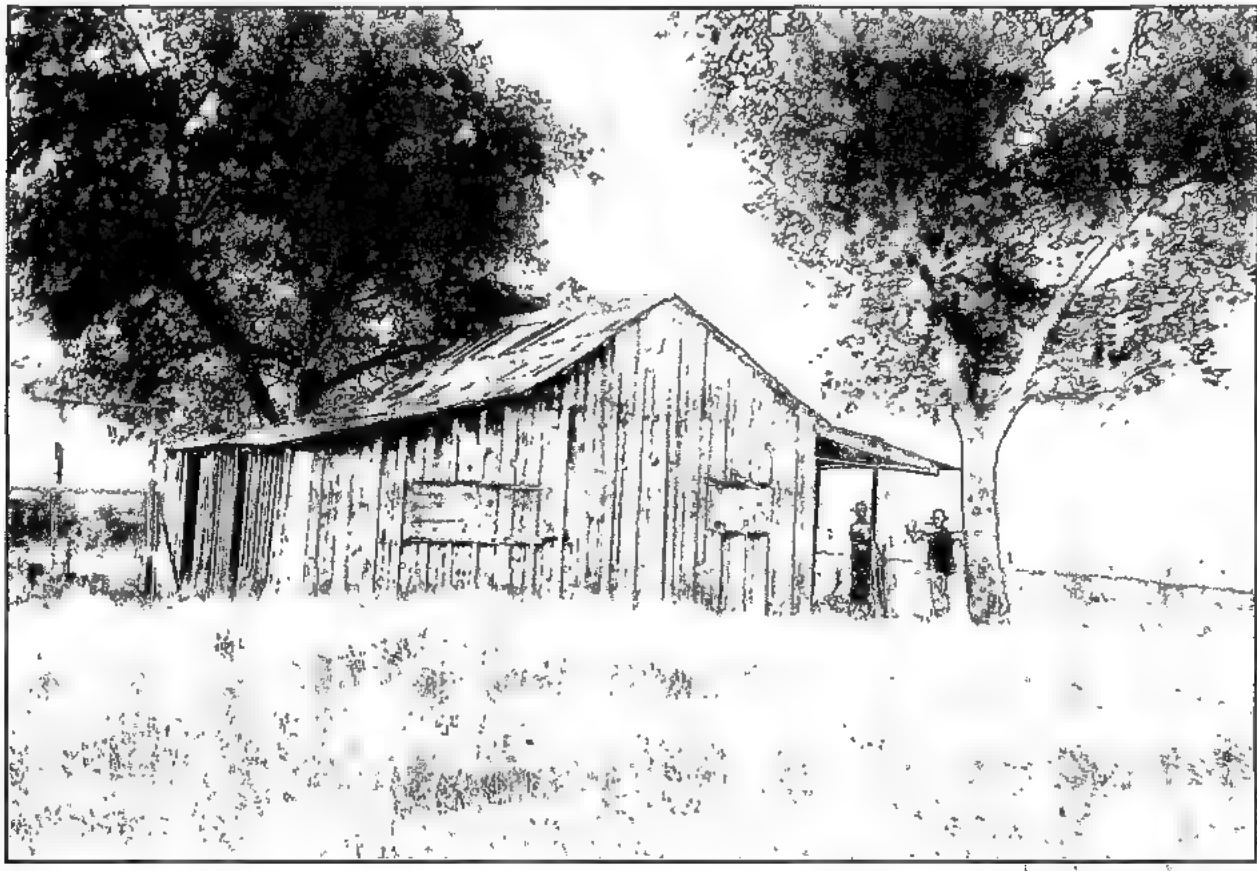
Samuel Black was an operative for the Morse Detective Agency. He and fellow detective, Tom Burns, were ambushed at Camp Badger by unknown assailants on May 26, 1893, and Black was seriously wounded. After the gunfight, Bruns remarked that, "I was scared out of my wits and I ran like a deer. I jumped over a sixteen foot tree."
California State Library

Marshal Gard and Thacker enlisted Hiram Rapelje and Frederick Jackson, tough and experienced Fresno County deputy sheriffs. The third man they selected was Tom Burns, who met the requirements for membership, knew the Tulare County search area, and could identify Chris Evans. Gard deputized his men and returned to Los Angeles to file federal charges and obtain warrants against Evans and Sontag. He was to meet his posse on June 10, 1893, at a prescribed location in northern Tulare County.

Marshal Gard's posse outfitted themselves and rode into Tulare County under cover of darkness. Gard reunited with his posse on June 10, and the group moved to an abandoned cabin at the foot of Stokes Mountain on the San Joaquin Valley floor. The cabin was close to a road the outlaws were known to travel when they left the mountains to visit Evans' family in Visalia. During the following day, the posse rested in the cabin.

While two men slept, two remained awake and on watch. Their luck was phenomenal.

High on Stokes Mountain the fugitives sat and intently watched the country



The abandoned cabin in the San Joaquin Valley where United States Marshal George Gard gathered his posse to ambush and overtake Chris Evans and John Sontag. The two outlaws walked into the trap on the evening of June 11, 1893. The resulting standoff and gunfight lasted until the next morning, when it was discovered both outlaws had been wounded in the exchange of lead. Pictured next to the cabin, in this E.M. Davidson photograph, are possemen Tom Burns, at left, and George Witty. *California State Library*

below them with binoculars. The officers had their horses tied on the opposite side of the cabin from the mountain and the outlaws couldn't see them. Evans and Sontag noticed nothing amiss, and about dusk they came down onto the flat and walked toward the cabin Rapelje glanced through a crack in the cabin and saw armed men approaching. He asked Jackson if he knew who the men were. Jackson replied he thought the men were Evans and Sontag.

Gard and Burns were quickly awakened, and the officers left the cabin on the side opposite from the approaching men.

As the lawmen moved into position, Evans saw Jackson in the dimming light and snapped a quick shot at the lawman. The shot missed and Jackson returned fire, knocking Evans to the ground. The outlaw triggered another shot, which shattered Jacskson's lower leg and put him out of the fight.

As shooting from both sides raged, John Sontag dived into a straw and manure pile for cover. He was soon joined by the wounded Evans. The shooting lasted for about two hours and ended well after dark. Evans and Sontag had both been wounded several times. Aside from Jackson, the officers were unhurt. In the dim light, the officers saw one man rise from the straw and manure pile and make his way to a nearby fence. They opened fire, but the man climbed over the fence and disappeared into the night. During this time, neither Evans or Sontag had fired a shot.

The posse didn't know the condition of the man in the straw and manure pile and felt it best to wait until daylight before approaching him. It was also useless to try and pursue the one who escaped before dawn. In the meantime Rapelje borrowed horses and a wagon from a nearby farm and transported the wounded Jackson into Visalia, some fifteen miles away.

While he was in Visalia, Rapelje reported the gunfight and requested reinforcements in capturing the outlaws. At three o'clock on the morning of June 12, 1893, another posse left Visalia with Rapelje and went to the battle scene. The posse was accompanied by two newspaper reporters and a local photographer.

As the posse approached the battle site, they were met in the road by Tom Burns, who said he thought Gard was dead and he was in need of help to approach the man in the straw pile.

At daybreak, the posse was joined by Marshal Gard, who hadn't answered Burns' earlier calls because he had a good view of the straw pile and didn't want give away his position. The posse converged on the straw and discovered a badly wounded John Sontag lying helpless and immobilized. They arrested him, and photographer E M. Davidson formed several men into a line behind the prostrate outlaw and took their picture. He also snapped a close-up photograph of Sontag lying in the straw pile. He photographed Tom Burns and Tulare County Deputy

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George Witty standing by the old cabin.

Although Evans had escaped from the posse, he was so badly wounded he couldn't travel. He stopped at a farm where he knew the occupants. They saw his condition and notified officers in Visalia of his whereabouts. Evans was arrested the day after the fight and taken to the Visalia jail where he received medical treatment. It was

Chris Evans after his capture and arrest on June 12, 1893 Seriously wounded during a vicious gunbattle with United States Marshal George Gard and posse, Evans posed for this image complete with bandaged arm and swollen eye. *California State Library*

decided to prosecute Evans and Sontag on the state charges of murdering Vic Wilson and Andrew McGinnis. They were transported to the Fresno jail, where Sontag died some days later. Later, Evans was convicted of murder and sentenced to life in Folsom prison.

There were so many claimants for the rewards on Evans and Sontag that the companies offering them didn't know who to pay. They invited lawsuits so the courts could make that determination. Of course, Burns was one of the reward claimants and became was of the parties in the lawsuit. Eventually, Burns was paid a share of the rewards, which he split with his employer, but not before he quarreled with George Witty over their testimony in court in the 1895 trial. As they left Los Angeles on a train, Witty went to the platform on the end car. Burns followed him and continued the argument. Finally, Burns drew his revolver and fired, striking Witty in the hand. Before Burns could trigger another shot, the two men engaged in a wrestling match for the gun. During the struggle, both men fell from the moving train and were knocked unconscious.

Burns regained his senses first and saw Witty lying beside him. He thought he had killed the man and went to Los Angeles to surrender to the police. In the meantime, Witty's companions had backtracked to search for their missing friend. They found him still dazed and transported him into Los Angeles for treatment. Witty's wound was not serious and he was soon released. He filed no charges against Burns.

After the Evans and Sontag experience, Burns returned to Arizona, where he worked as a cowboy and stock detective. By 1900, he was employed as a "farm hand" in the Tonto Basin of Gila County on the cattle ranch of Robert Pringle. Some believed he was actually a stock detective, planted to gather evidence against area cattle rustlers.

During this time, Burns was indicted for a rape allegedly committed on a housewife in Pinal County on August 6, 1899. Pinal County Deputy Sheriff Steve Baily arrested Burns in Globe on July 7, 1900. Burns' $300 bail was posted by his employer, Robert Pringle and a liquor dealer, W. McNeely. Burns remained at liberty pending court action on the charge. The disposition of the case is not recorded and it may have been pending when Burns met his end, if it was not dismissed earlier.

By the spring of 1901, Burns was employed as a cowhand on the Tom Wills ranch on the San Pedro River in Pinal County. According to most newspaper accounts of his death on June 15, 1901, Burns had been abusing

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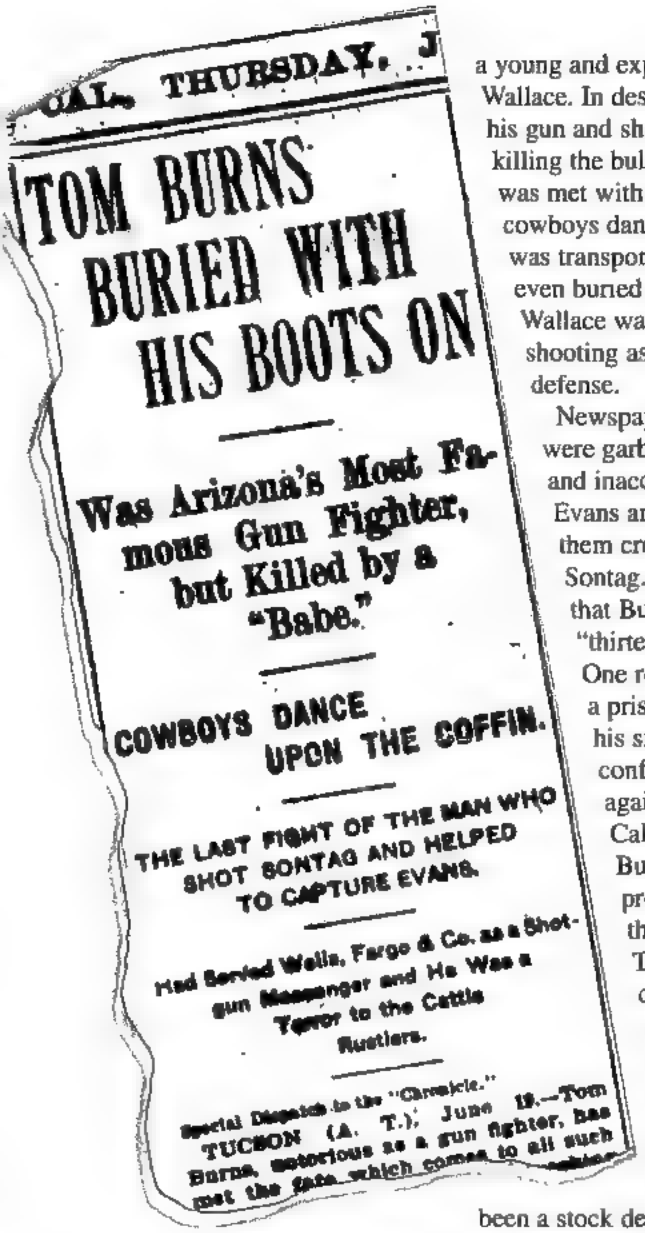

CAL., THURSDAY, J

TOM BURNS BURIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON

Was Arizona's Most Famous Gun Fighter, but Killed by a "Babe."

COWBOYS DANCE UPON THE COFFIN.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE MAN WHO SHOT SONTAG AND HELPED TO CAPTURE EVANS.

Had Served Wells, Fargo & Co. as a Shotgun Messenger and He Was a Terror to the Cattle Rustlers.

Special Dispatch to the "Chronicle."
TUCSON (A. T.), June 19.—Tom Burns, notorious as a gun fighter, has met the fate which comes to all such

The killing of Tom Burns made headline news in the June 20, 1901, *San Francisco Chronicle*. According to the article, and in accordance with local opinion of Burns, Arizona cowboys danced upon the dead bully's coffin and buried the man in his boots, the lowest of frontier insults. *Author's Collection*

a young and experienced cowboy named Wallace. In desperation, Wallace went for his gun and shot Burns off of his horse, killing the bully instantly. Burns' death was met with public jubilation. Joyous cowboys danced on Burns' coffin as it was transported to the cemetery. He was even buried with his boots on, an insult. Wallace was never arrested for the shooting as it was considered self-defense.

Newspaper accounts of Burns' career were garbled, confused, incomplete, and inaccurate. They referred to the Evans and Sontag affair, some of them crediting Burns with killing Sontag. There was no confirmation that Burns was a gunman with "thirteen notches on his pistol." One report claimed he had served a prison sentence for "molesting his sister." This appeared to be a confusion of the 1881 assault against Augustin Feliz in California, and Burns' arrest the previous year on the rape charge. There is no evidence the rape victim was related to Burns.

It was also stated that Burns had been a stock detective and Wells, Fargo guard. There were no mentions of specific cases he worked, other than the Evans and Sontag case. The newspapers were also confused as to the name of Burns' killer. Most of them he was a cowboy named Wallace. One source said his name was Williams.

As an interesting footnote to the story, an entirely different account of Burns' death was reported in the June 20, 1901, Phoenix *Arizona Republican*. According to this report, Burns and cowboy Willis Miller got into a dispute while they were working on a water ditch on the Tom Wills ranch. Neither man was armed, so Burns hit Miller on the head with a shovel. Burns tried to strike Miller with the shovel again, but Miller ran to get his pistol. A chase ensued, and Miller was intercepted by the ranch foreman. Burns was fired on the spot. Burns replied he would leave the ranch as soon as he killed Miller.

Miller had armed himself with a .38 revolver and met the approaching Burns in the yard. As Burns swung the shovel, Miller shot Burns in the heart, killing him instantly.

This report described Burns as "noted more or less as a badman who achieved some kind of fame on account of his being a member of the posse that pursued Evans and Sontag." There was no mention of Burns' "thirteen notches," or having been a stock detective or Wells, Fargo employee. "From all that could be learned the killing seems to be a clear case of self defense. Burns bore an unsavory record as a bully, and was always involved in trouble. Of Miller, nothing is known here."

Although he was a disreputable character with few supporters to recommend him, Burns had at least one fan. The June 19, 1901, Tucson *Arizona Daily Citizen* reported that "Charley Brown, of Congress Hall, says he [Burns] was a great man and always on the side of the law. He was one of the men who took the trail of Black Jack who held up the international bank at Rogers in August, 1896, and he kept the trail in an honest effort to capture. Mr. Brown says he does not believe he was quarrelsome. He never looked for trouble but was a man of nerve whenever he went after a man."

The product of a bygone era, the old gunfighter and bounty-hunter would have been expected to die in a blazing gunfight.

At the time of his death, Tom Burns was an anachronism. The product of a bygone era, the old gunfighter and bounty-hunter would have been expected to die in a blazing gunfight. Indeed, several newspapers reported his death in that vein. For Tom Burns to be shot down while trying to kill his opponent with a shovel was an ironic twist and surprising end for the old gunman.

Harold Edwards is the author of *Goodbye Billy the Kid*, and has written for *True West* since 1985. He is currently researching Pancho Villa's battle at Aqua Prieta.

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WINCHESTER '73

BY RANDY D. SMITH

The author's Cimarron Arms replica of a Model 1873 Winchester Sporting Rifle, .44-40, has proven to be an eye-catching conversation piece at historical reenactments and an excellent 100-yard hunting arm. *Author's Collection*

Of all the weapons of the American West, the most popular by far, and the most deadly in the hands of the average man, was the Model 1873 Winchester rifle.

Contrary to popular fiction, a man's first choice for defense and hunting was a rifle. A good rifle was the first weapon purchased and the last given up. Few learned to shoot a handgun before a rifle and only a fool or a desperate man went up against a rifle with a handgun. In the hands of the average marksman a handgun demonstrates little effect beyond thirty yards; even today the average handgun engagement takes place at seven yards. An average shooter with a Winchester could expect to easily hit a man-sized target at 100 yards. If a man had adequate eyesight, he rarely went into a fight without his rifle and chose a handgun only for close range and emergency work.

With the development of the Model 1873 the brass receiver of earlier models was replaced by a heavier, more dependable steel design.

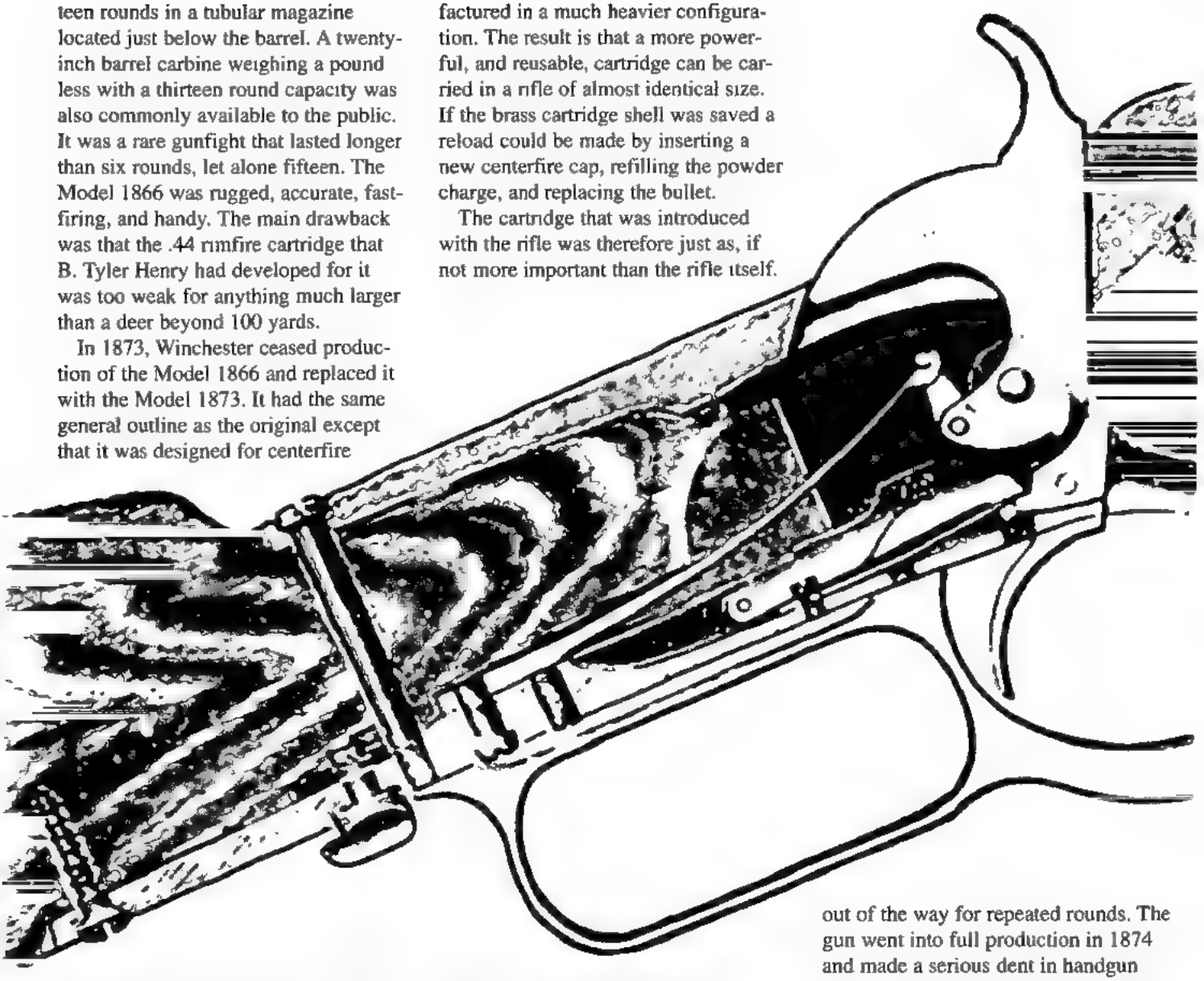
The Winchester rifle was nearly perfect for the conditions that prevailed in the American West in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

The first rifle to carry the Winchester logo was the Model 1866. It had an overall length of forty-three inches with a fairly standard barrel length of twenty-four inches. It weighed a manageable eight pounds, six ounces and had a cartridge capacity of fif-

teen rounds in a tubular magazine located just below the barrel. A twenty-inch barrel carbine weighing a pound less with a thirteen round capacity was also commonly available to the public. It was a rare gunfight that lasted longer than six rounds, let alone fifteen. The Model 1866 was rugged, accurate, fast-firing, and handy. The main drawback was that the .44 rimfire cartridge that B. Tyler Henry had developed for it was too weak for anything much larger than a deer beyond 100 yards.

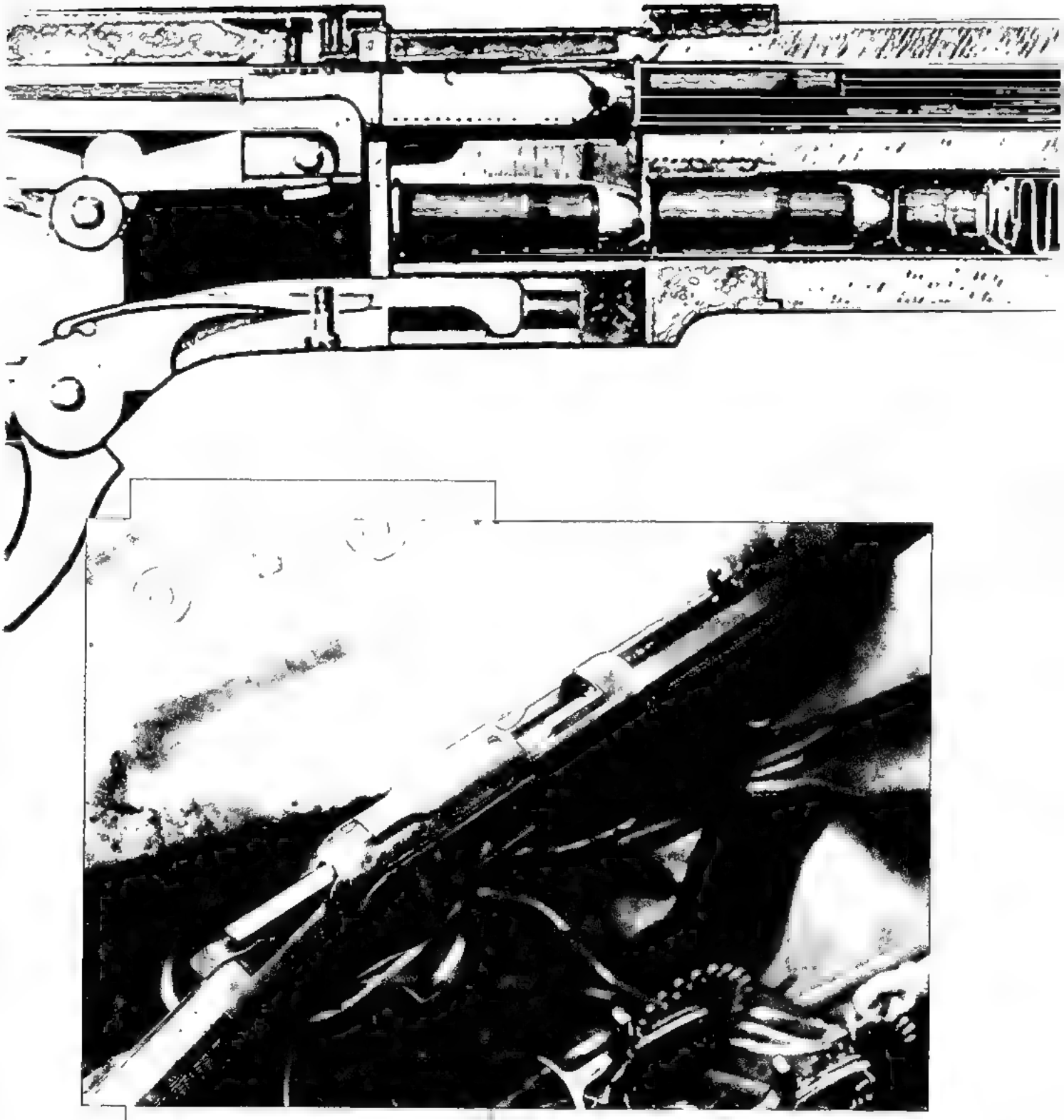
In 1873, Winchester ceased production of the Model 1866 and replaced it with the Model 1873. It had the same general outline as the original except that it was designed for centerfire ammunition. Centerfire ammunition is far superior in larger caliber configurations to rimfire. Rimfire ammunition uses a coil of a mercury compound inlaid into the base of the cartridge. The hammer strikes the mercury causing it to ignite under pressure and in turn set off the powder charge in the cartridge. In a caliber such as .22 rimfire, ammunition is cheap and dependable but as bullets grow larger and the thickness of the base increases to withstand the powder charge, it becomes difficult to manufacture a safe and effective rimfire cartridge. A centerfire cartridge has a small percussion cap mounted in the center of the base. It is generally identical to a rimfire compound except that the ignition compound is concentrated and the brass cartridge base and rim can be manufactured in a much heavier configuration. The result is that a more powerful, and reusable, cartridge can be carried in a rifle of almost identical size. If the brass cartridge shell was saved a reload could be made by inserting a new centerfire cap, refilling the powder charge, and replacing the bullet.

The cartridge that was introduced with the rifle was therefore just as, if not more important than the rifle itself.



This was the venerable .44 W.C F. (Winchester Center Fire) which, with a black powder capacity of forty grains, held almost twice the capability of the .44 rimfire. Popularly known as the Winchester .44-40, it was powerful without being overpowering, accurate at extended ranges, and more dependable than the earlier rimfire ammunition Because of the much higher pressures generated by the .44-40 round Winchester gave up the brass frame in favor of a stronger steel frame. The internal mechanisms remained almost identical. The company also added a sliding dust cover to the ejection port at the top of the frame to help protect the cartridge from moisture and contamination. When the spent cartridge was ejected the dust cover slid back as the lever action was worked and remained out of the way for repeated rounds. The gun went into full production in 1874 and made a serious dent in handgun sales. It was so popular, in fact, that handgun manufacturers moved quickly to take advantage of the popularity by producing revolvers for the same .44-40 round. Remington's large frame revolvers were almost exclusively manufactured in .44-40 and the Colt Peacemaker was manufactured for that round for many years.

Buffalo Bill Cody carried twin Colt revolvers and a Model 1873 Winchester in matching .44-40 when he scouted for the cavalry in the mid-1870s. The advantage is significant to a man on the open plains. With only one kind of ammunition to manage there is little chance of jams caused by a mix-up and the inconvenience of keeping track of separate rounds. Although Cody's Winchester could not match the power or range of the .45-70



A view of the receiver top of the Model 1873 showing the sliding dust cover and brass cartridge lifter. *Author's collection.*

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An original Model 1873 carbine in .38-55 caliber. Small calibers became more popular in the Model 73 when Winchester introduced other models designed for heavier loads than the original design could handle. *Courtesy Dodge City Boot Hill Museum.*

Government single-shot Springfield issued to troops, it could fire ten times as fast, the difference between a modern bolt-action hunting rifle and a military automatic. For men who were often isolated for days or weeks on end, a fast firing repeater could mean the difference between life and death when challenged by superior numbers. For a hunter in those times of non-regulated game taking, a fast repeater could mean that several animals could be shot instead of just one.

Theodore Roosevelt favored his Winchester rifle when ranching in South Dakota for that very reason. Although he raised cattle, he usually fed his men with fresh game rather than expensive and salable beef. On one notable hunt, Roosevelt was able to take four antelope in a heavy downpour to feed his men and credited the Winchester as being the difference between a successful and unsuccessful hunt.

The Model 1873 Winchester rifle was in production for almost fifty years (1873-1919) and the company sold over 720,000 units in .32-20, .38-40, and .44-40 calibers. Another 19,552 .22 caliber rimfire versions were also sold. It became obsolete with the advent of larger calibers, smokeless powder, and the John Browning designs (Models 1886, 1892, 1894, and 1895) that Winchester adopted to meet those demands. Many original models are still available but usually in poor condition because of their nearly constant use over the years. Replicas are available from Dixie Gun Works, Cimarron Arms, and Navy Arms. They are expensive, but owning one is a great way to relive the Old West as well as providing some challenging and rewarding hunting experiences with its limited range .44-40 cartridge and open sights.

Perhaps the most famous example of the effectiveness of a Winchester '73 in the hands of a competent shootist is the 1878 gunfight at Blazer's Mill during New Mexico's Lincoln County War. "Buckshot" Roberts, although receiving a fatal wound, encountered eight Regulators and fought them off single-handed, wounding three as fast as he could lever and fire his Winchester. Had Roberts not run out of ammunition, the course of Old West history might have been substantially altered with the legend of Buckshot Roberts rivaling the likes of Hickock, Earp, and one of the defeated Regulator gunmen, Billy the Kid.

Randy Smith is the author of over 200 articles, and the field editor for *Black Powder Hunting*. Smith is hard at work on his second historical novel, *The Red River Ring*.

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Soiled Doves

By Anne Seagraves

Soiled Doves tells of the grey world of prostitution and the women who participated in the oldest profession. Colorful, if not socially acceptable, these women of easy virtue were a definite part of the early West. Illustrated with many rare photos, this book provides a touching insight into the lives of the ladies of the night. 173p. Wesanne Publications.

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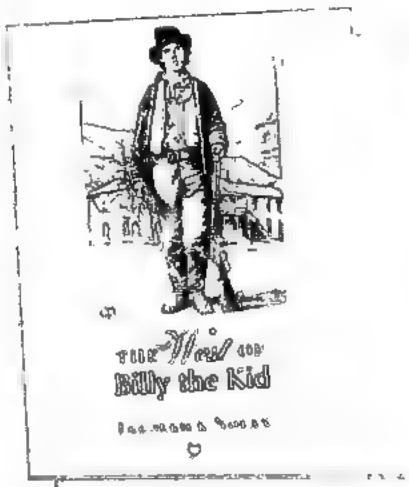

The West of Billy the Kid

By Frederick Nolan

The author, a well-recognized authority on the life of Billy the Kid, has produced a comprehensive photo gallery of the life and times of the notorious New Mexico outlaw. In text and in more than 250 images, some published here for the first time, Nolan recreates the life Billy lived and the places and people he knew. 368p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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Bloody Legacy of Pink Higgins

By Bill O'Neal

Known as Texas' "reluctant gunfighter," Higgins participated in as many gunfights and killed as many or more adversaries as such shootists as Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, and the Sundance Kid. Not crazed to kill, Higgins was aggressive in defending himself and his interests. 168p. Eakin Press.

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Sam Bass & Gang

By Rick Miller

It has been over sixty years since the last major biography of Sam Bass was written by Wayne Gard. Armed with new information and painstaking research, Rick Miller has written what we believe will long remain the definitive biography of this legendary western train and stage robber. 424p. State House Press.

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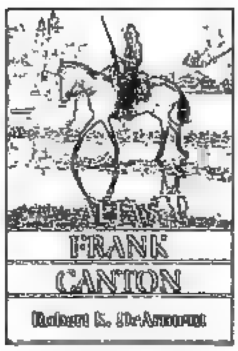

Alias Frank Canton

By Robert K. DeArment

As Frank Canton, Texas renegade Joe Horner reigned supreme as a lawman and hired gun in Wyoming's Johnson County War and on the streets of Territorial Oklahoma. DeArment's research is first-rate and will stand for years as the definitive source. 402p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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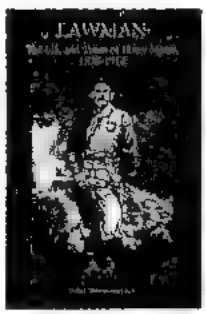

Lawman: Life & Times of Harry Morse

By John Boessenecker

Boessenecker chronicles the life of California's most successful and memorable early lawman. The author also tells the story of frontier California, vivid and lively. 366p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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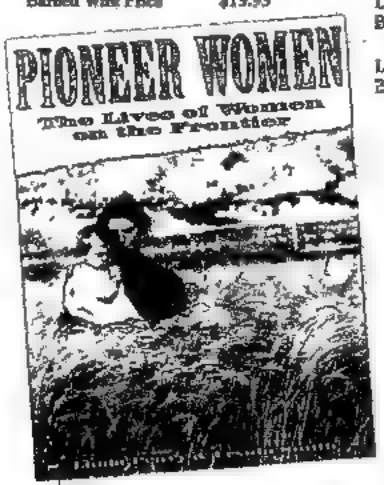

Pioneer Women

By Linda Peavey & Ursula Smith

A rare look at frontier life through the eyes of the pioneer women who settled the American West. Illustrated with a fascinating collection of seldom-seen photographs, *Pioneer Women* reveals the faces as well as the voices of women who lived on the frontier. It's a story of hopes and fears, courage and adversity, triumphs and struggle. 144p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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Triggernometry

By Eugene Cunningham

Cunningham examines the evidence and breaks down the myths surrounding many of the West's most notable gunfighters. His final chapter, "Triggernometry," remains a fascinating discussion of the gunfighters' expertise with the fast draw, the "road agent's spin," pistol fanning, "the border shift," "rolling," "pinwheeling," and the use of various rigs and weapons. 446p. University of Oklahoma.

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BOOK OF THE MONTH

BAD MEN: OUTLAWS & GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WILD WEST

By Bob Boze Bell

Celebrated artist and author Bob Boze Bell jumps back into the ring with this compilation of over 250 of the West's most notorious bad men. Includes over 100 original illustrations by the author, plus over 200 photos, many published here for the first time. 128 pages. Photos, maps, illustrations, original paintings. TriStar-Boze.

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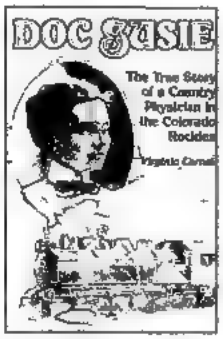

DOC SUSIE

By Virginia Cornell

Cornell offers the true story of Dr Susan Anderson who arrived in frigid Fraser, Colorado, in 1907 a dying woman, but who recovered her health and then, known as Doc Susie, ventured forth on snowshoes, horseback, and train to save the lives of the inhabitants of the Rockies. 237p. Manifest Publications.

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SATANTA

By Charles M. Robinson III

A brilliant biography of the Kiowa chief who terrorized the western frontier but who fascinated the eastern press. Robinson deals with Satanta, as both legend and man, within the context of the Kiowa culture as it came face-to-face with the encroachments of western immigration. 254p. Statehouse Press

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THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS

Compiled by J. Marvin Hunter

Gleaned from members of the Old Time Trail Driver's Association, these hundreds of collected stories and interviews form an invaluable cornerstone to literature, history, and folklore of the West. Many of these stories were the basis for Larry McMurtry's classic, *Lonesome Dove*.

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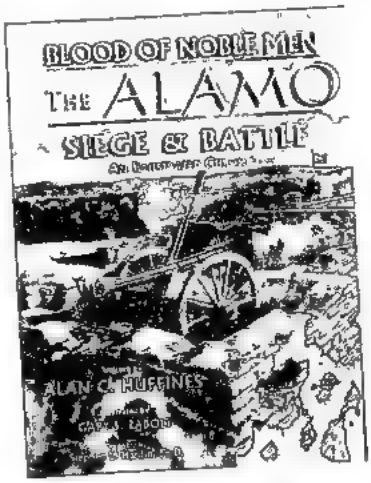

BLOOD OF NOBLE MEN

By Alan C. Huffines

A day-by-day chronology of the gripping story of the siege of the Alamo, *Blood of Noble Men* retells the participants' accounts unembellished by myth. The author also annotates the first-hand testimonies to answer lingering questions. The book is superbly illustrated by Gary Zaboly, noted military artist and frequent contributor to True West magazine. 240p. 39 full-page illustrations. Eakin Press.

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DIGGING UP BUTCH & SUNDANCE

By Anne Meadows

Lawyer-turned-writer Anne Meadows and her husband, Dan Buck, set out to solve the mystery of what really happened to Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Buck and Meadows roamed South America's dusty archives and musty documents, leading to the dramatic exhumation of two skeletons in a long-forgotten grave. Revised edition. 390p. Bison Books

Barnes&Noble.com $16.00
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DESPERADOES OF ARIZONA TERRITORY

By Philip Rasch

Featuring twenty-four obscure articles by the late Dr. Philip J. Rasch, preeminent historian of the outlaw Southwest. These otherwise hard-to-find articles examine the misdeeds of Arizona's most desperate men: John Ringo, Frank Leslie, the Earps, Pete Spence, Gus Gildea, and many more. 208p. National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History.

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WILD BILL HICKOK: MAN & HIS MYTH

By Joseph C. Rosa

Culminating four decades of research, Joseph Ross delves into the exploits and ego that defined James Butler Hickok, and shows how the man was overtaken by his own legend. A classic, must-have biography of the West's most famous pistoleer. 276p. University Press of Kansas.

Barnes&Noble.com $24.95
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They Died With Custer

By Douglas D. Scott, P. Willey, & Melissa A. Connor

The authors use historic sources, archeological evidence, and physical data to present new revelations about the men who rode and died with George Custer at the Little Bighorn. Through painstaking analysis of skeletal remains, the authors construct composite biographies of the soldiers, identifying ages, heights, states of health, and mode of death. A vast selection of illustrations enhance the discussion. 419p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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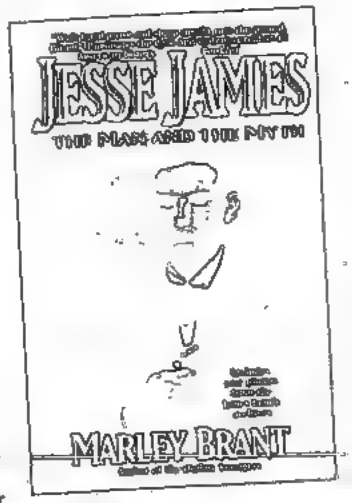

Jesse James The Man and the Myth

By Marley Brant

Chasing the legend and burning it down like a midnight ride to Lawrence, Brant explodes the myths around the most famous of Civil War-era outlaws. Written in a decidedly conversational style, this volume makes for an enjoyable and easy read. 312p. Berkley Books.

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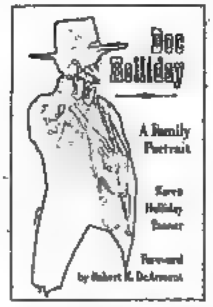

Doc Holliday: A Family Portrait

By Karen Holliday Tanner

Controversial and compelling, Tanner's work offers an unmatched look at the early life of one of the West's most elusive characters. Featuring previously unpublished photographs and family memorabilia, this book stands apart from other Holliday biographies. 368p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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West of Hell's Fringe

By Glenn Shirley

A classic, must-have volume dealing with crime, criminals, and the federal role in the Oklahoma Territory. Shirley delivers the reader a well-rounded adventure with the likes of Bill Doolin, the Daltons, William Tilghman, and a whole host of desperate men and women. 496p. University of Oklahoma

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John Wesley Hardin: Dark Angel of Texas

By Leon C. Metz

John Wesley Hardin killed men just to see them kick. Leon Metz kicks the legend out of the way and examines the truth behind this blood-thirsty badman. From the Texas range to prison, El Paso saloons to the grave, Metz leads the reader every step of the way. 352p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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Geronimo

By Angie Debo

This award-winning classic traces the steps of the West's most feared Apache chief. Taking a combined force of 5,000 to finally "capture" Geronimo's band, the Indian leader went on to many political and social adventures. Debo created a work that has never been matched. 480p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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Dangerous Trails

By William Secrest

A rich romp through early California, this book explores the exciting stories of five unheralded outlaws. Secrest, a noted authority on the Old West Coast, tells the tale of Bob Talbert, Charles Mortimer, Procopio Bustamente, and others. Derived from prison documents, contemporary newspapers, and court records, this volume takes readers on a trip they'll never forget. Features forty-one photographs, many previously unpublished. Barbed Wire Press.

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David Crockett The Man and the Legend

By James A. Shackford

A classic in American historical literature, Shackford's 1956 chronicle of David Crockett still stands. The author's subject is distanced from the sanitized, Disney character, lending life to one of history's cherished icons. A must-have for any personal library. 338p. Bison Books.

Barnes&Noble.com	$10.36
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THE TOP FORTY WESTERN BOOKS

Based On Current Sales Through True West, Barbed Wire Press and www.truewestmagazine.com

Rank/Last Month	Title/Author	Publisher/Price	Our Price
1/1	Desperadoes of Arizona Territory / Philip Rasch	NOLA • 29.95	27.95
2/2	Bad Blood / Frederick Nolan	BWP • 29.95	25.95
3/3	John Ringo / David Johnson	BWP • 29.95	25.95
4/22	Bloody Legacy of Pink Higgins / Bill O'Neal	Eakin • 18.95	15.95
5/New Entry	Bad Men / Bob Boze Bell	TriStar • 18.95	15.95
6/15	Daughters of Joy, Sisters of Mercy / Anne Butler	U. Ill. • 12.95	12.95
7/19	Soiled Doves / Anne Seagraves	Wesanne • 11.95	8.00
8/13	Blood of Noble Men / Alan Huffines	Eakin • 27.95	25.95
9/8	Doc Susie / Virginia Cornell	Manifest • 14.95	12.95
10/4	Mauraders of the Indian Nations / Glenn Shirley	BWP • 27.95	22.00
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21/New Entry	Encyclopedia of Western Gunfighters / Bill O'Neal	OU • 19.95	17.00
22/24	Doc Holliday: Family Portrait / Karen H. Tanner	OU • 28.95	17.95
23/New Entry	Dangerous Trails / William Secrest	BWP • 29.95	20.00
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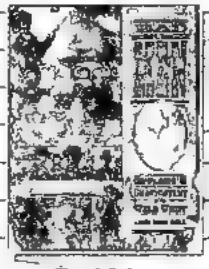

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The Cowboy Contender

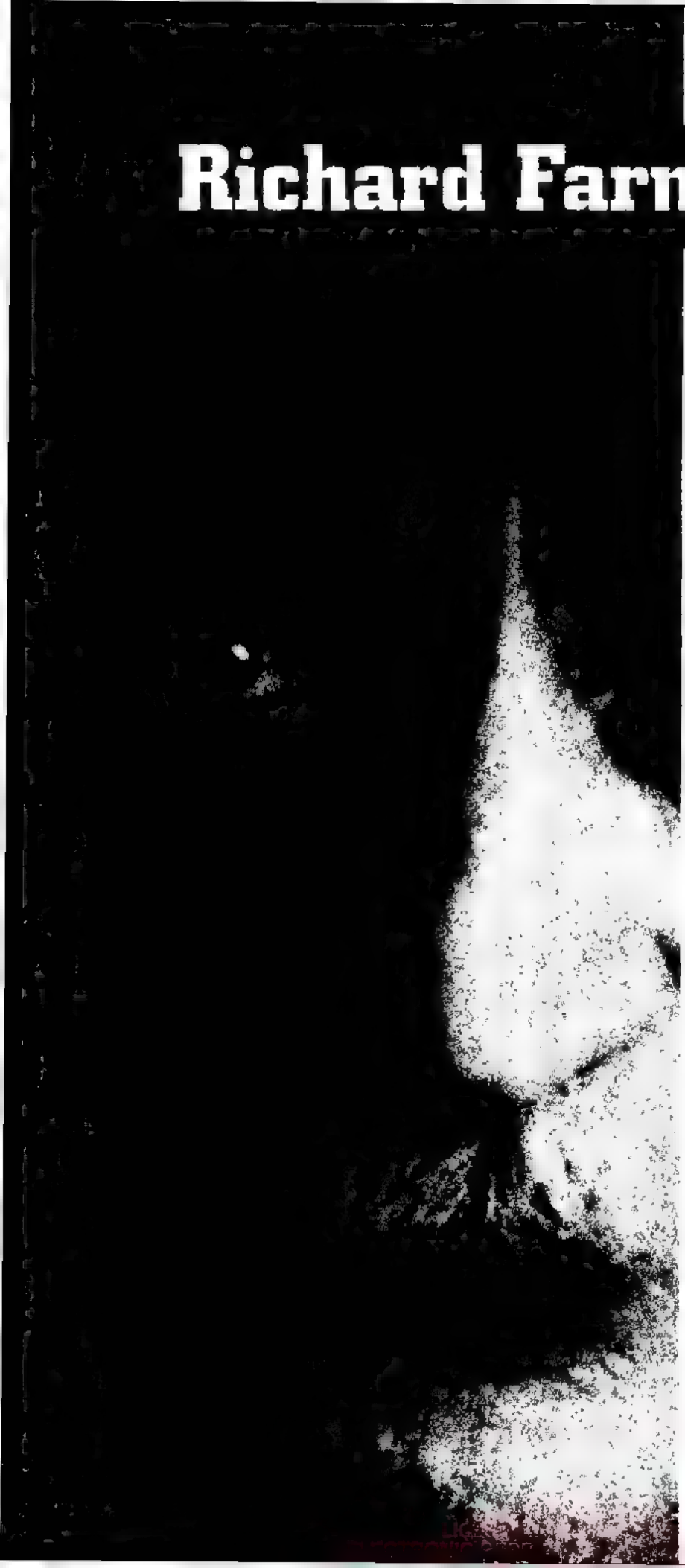
The smoke from half a dozen woodstoves hangs lazily over Lincoln, New Mexico; another cold December morning. Tucked around a bend in the road, with a porch made for watching the world go by, sits a modest ranch house. Horses shuffle and stamp in the barn. Inside, in the warmth of his kitchen, veteran cowboy, stunt man, and character actor Richard Farnsworth leans forward to address his two guests...a local photographer and freelance writer, on a mission for* True West *to learn the straight story behind this year's Academy Award wild card. Fresh from an exhaustive international tour to promote his latest film,* The Straight Story, *Farnsworth leans into each question...eager to spin a few yarns.

True West: *What's the most dangerous stunt you've ever done?*

Richard Farnsworth: Trying to get paid for it. (*Laughs*) I think just, getting on and off a train comes closer to me "getting it" you know...and almost getting kicked under a train That's about it. The rest of the stuff is just regular riding and racing and falling off horses, you know. The rest is stuff they've been doing for hundreds of years. I

Interview by Drew Gomber
Lincoln photos by R. Douglas Miller

Richard Farnsworth



haven't really invented anything

TW: *How many times have you almost been killed? Did you even keep track?*

RF: Umm…the one time the horse kicked me back under the train, instead of going under it I hit the top. That's just once. I've had a couple of wagons miss me by inches; they were pretty heavy freight wagons, they would have mashed me up pretty good. I'd say the one on the train was the closest I ever came. But I always walked away from everything, I didn't have any problems Sore and stiff…but I never had anything they had to pack me out on, you know.

TW *Was it difficult to make the transition from cowboy to stuntman?*

RF: Well, not really because cowboying, you take a lot of knocks you know, and when I got in the stunt business in the thirties, I had been doing a little rodeoin' and I had hit the ground a few times. I had found I wasn't accident prone; I could hit the ground, get up and walk away. Soon as you find that out you're all right.

TW *What has been you favorite set to work on?*

RF: *Spartacus*. That wasn't even a western. We had a set where a bunch of gladiators were working out, and that was a real good set at Universal in 1960. I would say that was a real good set.

TW: *What did you learn from working with the likes of John Ford, John Wayne, Lee Marvin, Marlon Brando, and Kirk Douglas?*

RF: Well…I really didn't learn any thing from those guys, cause I was doing stunt work. When I worked with 'em, they weren't doing stunts. The acting end of it, I'd say Henry Fonda and Joel McCrae would have been my favorites to follow after. I was just among many stuntmen to work with those guys, and I wasn't even consider-

The Cowboy Contender

The Straight Story photos courtesy The Straight Story Inc. All rights reserved. All other photos courtesy of Richard Farnsworth.

ing being an actor then, so I wasn't trying to pick up anything But, Fonda and McCrae were my favorites to be around and kinda follow.

TW: *According to the Guinness Book of World Records, Joel McCrae was in the only western were no pistol was ever fired. It was filmed right out here in the Tularosa Basin,* Three Faces West.

RF: Yeah, *Three Faces West*. He [McCrae] rode a steer in that one. A friend of mine owns the steer he rode [*laughs*]. He was a longhorn steer, real gentle, and they had a scene where Joel's horse quits him and he saddles this steer and rides into town. But I had forgotten about no gunplay...seems kind of hard to have one without it.

I thought the world of Joel. I worked in a lot of pictures years ago...*Wells, Fargo* and all those old things he did. Yeah, he's always been my idol and he was a good horseman. He was one of the few actors who could really go out and get it done on a horse. They would get on a horse and somebody would double 'em, but he could rope. He was a good hand with horses...you bet he was. He was the best I could think of, next to Ben Johnson. Of course, Ben was a rodeo cowboy. Ben was probably the best all-around cowboy that ever got to be an actor. But Joel, I would have to say he would be my favorite

TW: *Which actor was the worst you've ever seen on horseback?*

RF: [*Laughing*] I don't think I want to answer that one.

TW: *Who surprised you?*

RF: Let's see...there was somebody that...he had ranched as a young man. I would have to say Gary Cooper. He was a big star and he cowboyed some in Montana. I worked on a film called *Marco Polo* with him in 1937, and Cooper did a lot of his own riding on that. I would have to say he surprised me more, the way he handled a horse...for being a big star, you know.

TW: *Would you do more westerns given the chance?*

RF: Well, I don't know. I'm about out of it. It would have to be a darn good one with no four-letter words, and family-oriented, which

Richard Farnsworth mounts the hard way in the 1944 film ***The Californian.***

they could do…but that would be the only way I would do it.

TW: *Is there a problem in Hollywood making quality westerns?*

RF: I don't believe there is. If they got the budget, there's places all over the country that looks authentic…if they got the money. There's plenty of working cowboys to get the job done. I don't think there's a problem, it's just a matter of whether they want to make a quality western. It's up to them.

TW: *Do you have five favorite westerns?*

RF: Yeah, I believe I can name five favorites. I'll start with *Red River*…I guess you could call *Dances With Wolves* a western, it's an outdoor film. *Cimarron* is an old film, but it was really well made with the Oklahoma land rush. It was made in the thirties and it stands out in my mind as being a real top-notch film. Richard Dix starred in it. I'd put that in there….Let's see, I think maybe *The Three Godfathers*. There was one, I can't think of the name of it, Randolph Scott made it in the late thirties…*Wagon Wheels*. It was really authentic, they rode the wagons over the cliffs. It came about '37 or '38. The song "Wagon Wheels" was written for it, and it became a real popular western song.

That's the way I go, cause there's a lot of good action films, but, the ones I think I enjoy most are the ones I just mentioned.

TW: *I would have to add another one*…The Grey Fox.

RF: Well, that really wasn't a western. It was about an old train robber. It's a darn good film, but it's an outdoor film. I guess that could be in there, but I never figured it to be a western. No roping, no cattle, just an old boy holding up trains. Kind of one of those Jesse James, Doolin gang kind of things.

TW: I was just recently in Tombstone with a bunch of historian friends, and one of the people there was John Boessenecker, who wrote The Grey Fox….

RF: Really?

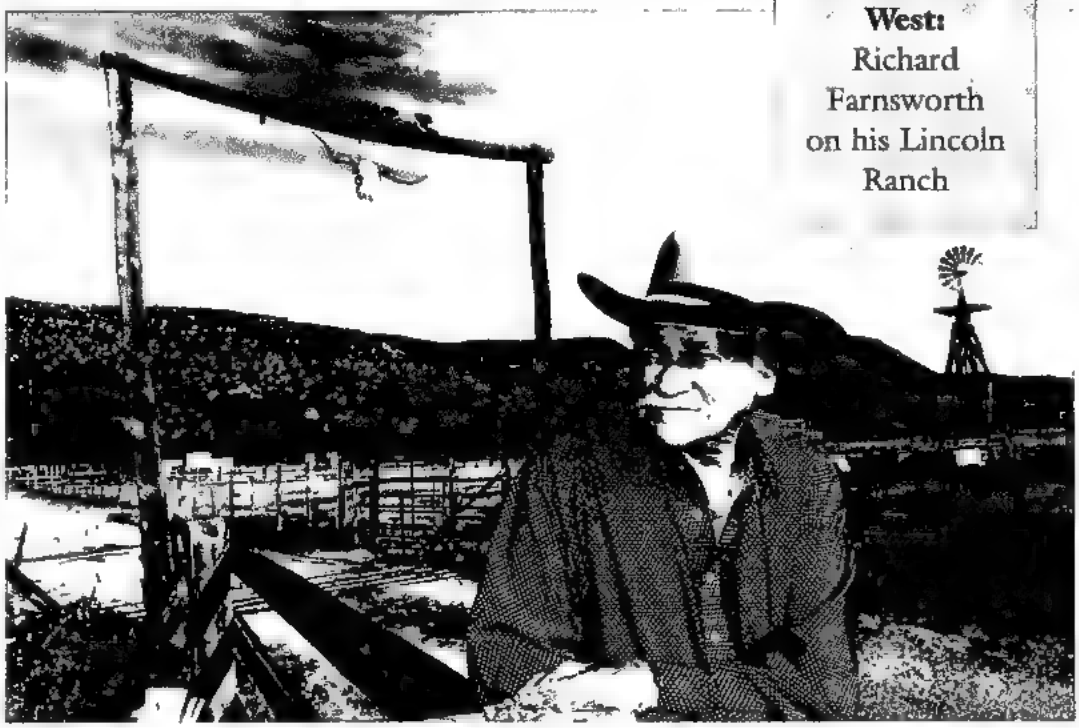
TW: *Yes, it's the history of Bill Miner….*

RF: Well, he might have sent me a book…he used a picture or two of me in it. He wrote and asked if he could and I said "Sure." He signed a book for me…there was two of them.

TW: *Yes, Boessenecker and Mark Dugan.*

RF: Well, they done a good job on it. We did quite a bit of research [for the movie]. He wrote the book after the picture come out. We did the movie in '80 and I'm guessing the book didn't come out until '87 or '88, along in there, cause that's when he asked permission. We did a lot of research, and he was awful close to it.

Yeah, that's right. I thought he did a real good job. We took a liberty or two to make it, because you have to make it marketable you know. Outside of that, we shot it all along the Canadian-Pacific where he actually held those up in there. The capture scene at Devil's Lake wasn't 200 yards from where they picked him up. They built a dirt tank for the cattle there, and we walked up the creek about 150-200 yards and shot the scene where the Mounties get us. That's getting pretty close to history.



Livin' in the Wild, Wild West: Richard Farnsworth on his Lincoln Ranch

TW: *What is the most accurate portrayal you've seen of cowboy life?*

RF: Well that ought to be darn easy. Chuck Heston starred in it…

TW: Will Penny?

RF: *Will Penny*. That's it. To me the wardrobe…that was it. I would have to say that's the best. The director died, but I worked with his son a few years ago on a little film they did about his dad. He really researched that movie [*Will Penny*] and with the wardrobe, and the wagons and the tack…that was my favorite.

TW: *You did an superb job as Bill Miner, who else would you like to portray? You seem perfect for Black Bart.*

RF: Well, we've been talking about that. Bolin, he was up in San Francisco. He was an old guy.

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The Cowboy Contender

Yeah, I have a thing brewing now about Wyatt Earp, the latter years. I look just like him. It takes place after he came back from the Klondike, and it's really going to be a good one. The guy who wrote it knew some of the family. A lot of people don't know it, but when Earp came back he had a little mine going there on the Colorado River, and that woman [Josephine Marcus] stayed with him all those years. He took a job driving a stagecoach in 1917; he drove it for two years between Redlands and Riverside [California]. He was way up in his seventies when he did that. Then the buses came in about 1918 and ended the coaches. We are going to have all that in there.

TW: *Could you imagine being in a stagecoach driven by Wyatt Earp?*

RF: Well, he did, and a lot of people forgot about him after Tombstone. All the blood and guts of that…he tried to put all that behind him.

TW: *I always felt he got kind of a real bad rap over the years. I kind of liked the guy.*

RF: You know, my grandmother lived in Tombstone when they had that gunfight. My great-grandfather, was a mining engineer. They hired him from Tucson to see if he could pump the water out of those mines, that were flooding. They were there for two years, from 1880-81. Grandma was born in '64 so she was seventeen years old. She remembered very well. She remembered conversations around town that Earp and Holliday set these guys up. She said the public opinion was eighty percent against the Earps, and they did leave town after that.

But Earp was a tough son-of-a-gun, I'll tell ya. I guess his brothers were too. He only weighed around 160 pounds and was about six feet tall, and he wrestled and gun-whipped a lot of those big guys. He could handle himself, you know. He could have shot them but he knocked 'em silly and dragged them to the clink. So, that and Black Bart, those would be good parts to play. He [Bart] was an old, gray-haired man when the finally got him through the laundry tags. That would be a pretty good story.

TW: *I always thought it was interesting that he held up all those stagecoaches with an empty gun.*

RF: Yep. Nobody knew it.

TW: *In fact, I think the first robbery he was reportedly holding a stick, it wasn't even a gun.*

RF: Of course, by then, a lot of those guys were pretty gun shy. A lot of them had been shot at and when you said "hand me the box" they were gonna do it. There weren't many heroes riding shotgun in those days.

TW: *Who would you like to work with, that you haven't yet?*

RF: I would like to work with the old boy who did *Dances With Wolves*.

TW: *Kevin Costner.*

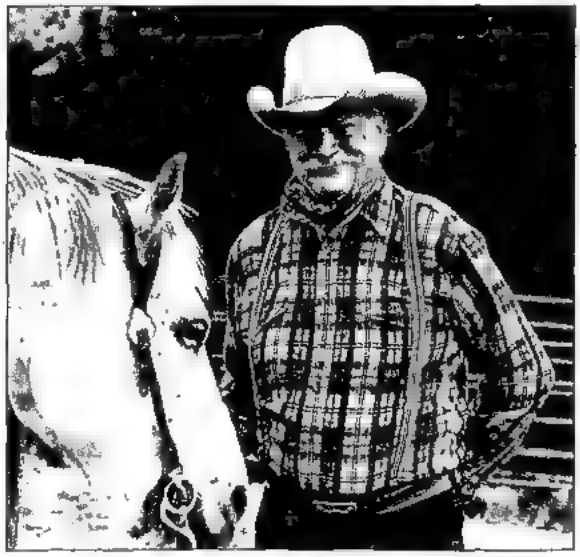
RF: Yeah. That's about it I guess. This one I just finished, *The Straight Story*, is gonna be a big picture. I just got back from London, the film festival over there, and they gave me a standing ovation. The English don't usually do that, so I figured, by God, if they like it over there it should do great here in the States. We went to France…to Cannes with it. They loved it.

I think we've really got something, maybe start a new trend. You know, Disney bought it and they are pushing it and I think they may start a trend for more family-oriented films.

TW: *Speaking of Kevin Costner, which did you like better,* Tombstone *or* Wyatt Earp*?*

RF: Which one did Kurt Russell do?

TW: *Russell did* Tombstone*; Costner was in* Wyatt Earp.



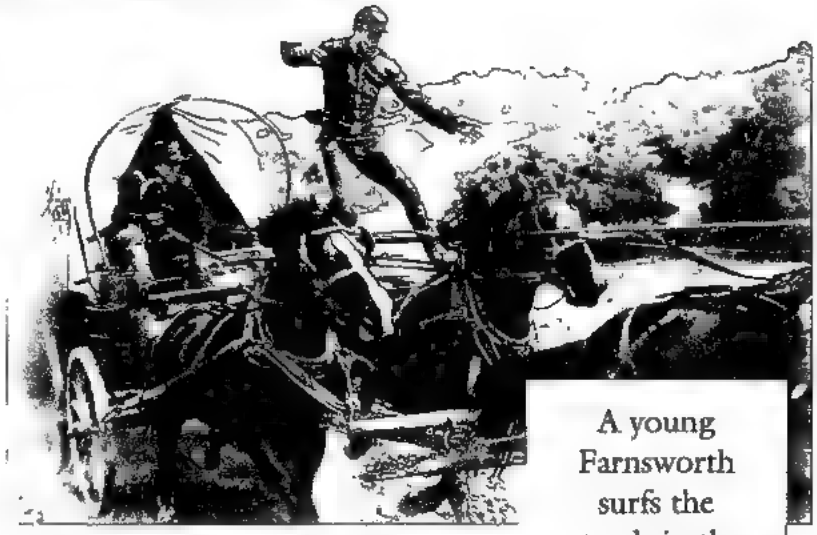
RF: Well, I like the movie with Kurt better, but I like Costner better as an actor. I like the action in *Tombstone*, but Costner did a heck of a good job with it. Size wise, he had Earp down pretty good, he fit him. But, I like the one with Kurt. They stuck pretty close to history you know.

TW: *The dialogue was good and the sets were really great.*

Farnsworth Filmography

Richard Farnsworth has been in the movie business since 1937, when he answered a casting call for 500 Mongolian horsemen and made his debut as stunt rider in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*.

A strange turn for a working cowboy, Farnsworth drove chariots for *The Ten Commandments*, and even doubled for Kirk Douglas, during the sword-fighting scenes in *Spartacus*. "For sixteen months I wore this little short skirt with my bony knees knockin' on the back lot of Universal. I looked about as much like a gladiator as my granddaughter, but I held my own."



A young Farnsworth surfs the steeds in the 1947 film **Silver River**.

Name: Richard Farnsworth
Born: September 1, 1920
Locale: Los Angeles, California.

Richard Farnsworth was nominated for Best Supporting Actor in 1977's **Comes A Horseman**.

Film Credits:

The Jolly Genie (1963)
Duel at Diablo (1966)
Texas Across the River (1966)
Monte Walsh (1970)
The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean (1972)
The Cowboys (1972)
Ulzana's Raid (1972)
Rooster Cogburn (1975)
The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox (1976)
Another Man, Another Chance (1977)
Comes a Horseman (1978)
Tom Horn (1979)
Resurrection (1980)
The Legend of the Lone Ranger (1981),
Waltz Across Texas (1982),
The Loner (1982),
The Grey Fox (1982)
Independence Day (1983)
Rhinestone (1984)
The Natural (1984)
Sylvester (1985)
Space Rage (1985)
Into the Night (1985)
The River Pirates (1988)
The Two Jakes (1990)
Misery (1990)
Havana (1990)
Highway to Hell (1992)
Lassie (1994)
The Getaway (1994)
The Straight Story (1999)

Television Credits:

Adventures of Wild Bill Hickok (1951)
Wanted: Dead or Alive (1958)
The Big Valley (1965)
Cimarron Strip (1967)
Bonanza (1959)
Strange New World (1975)
A Few Days in Weasel Creek (1981)
Travis McGee (1983)
Ghost Dancing (1983)
Wild Horses (1985)
Chase (1985)
Anne of Green Gables (1985)
Red Earth, White Earth (1989)
The Fire Next Time (1993)
Best Friends for Life (1998)

The Cowboy Contender

RF: Yeah, that was over in Old Tucson.

TW: *What led you to live in Lincoln?*

RF: That's real easy. I was running some horses over in Ruidoso and I had worked in New Mexico over the years quite a bit, around Gallup and Santa Fe. I never had come down here, but I had heard about the town and I was kind of a western buff. One day, one of the trainers there brought me over. I spent an hour in the museum, talking, and on the way back I noticed this place. There was an old guy sitting out front on the porch there, and I though "God dang, I would kind of like that. To sit back off the road there." So we pulled over and I got out of the car and introduced myself. I asked him if the place was for sale and he said, "No way, but leave your name and number and if I do decide to sell it I'll give you the first shot at it." A year later, I came by and he's still sitting out there. He recognized me and he said, "You still want to buy the place?" I said yeah and I bought this one and the house next door. That was in '89...so I've been here almost ten years.

TW: *How has your perception of the West changed since you cowboyed?*

RF: I'll have to say it hasn't. When I was a kid cowboy it was the same thing: you worked for thirty or forty dollars a month and board and we all had a certain look in our eye, we all wanted to be top hands, and it's still that way. You go to any ranch here, and you'll still see kids either wanting to be bronc riders, or wanting to be the best roper, and it's in their blood. If they didn't like it they wouldn't do it, cause there isn't any money in it, you know.

My perception of the West would be the same if I started out from scratch right now. If I was sixteen or seventeen and I wanted to go to work for a ranch, it would be the same, I would have the same outlook. Of course, they've glorified it with television and stuff like that, but it hasn't changed my opinion. Even though the stuff they do about the Old West is pretty bad. God, I'll tell ya, somebody started that stuff about men walking down the street and firing at each other. Them guys got a bullet in the back of their head, most of 'em that got killed you know. If I ever did a western where I had to kill a man I'd make sure my man snuck up on his guy and shot him in the back [*laughs*], make sure my guy didn't get the worst of it.

TW: *Is the West more of a state of mind?*

RF: Yeah, I'd say it was. The West is a state of mind, by God. It's all around you if you're interested, and you can glorify it or make a villain out of it if you want. They have romanticized it so much over the last eighty or ninety years, you know. I would have to say sure it's a state of mind, and it's going to be around for a long time.

TW: *They say that every shopkeeper wants to be a star, and every star wants to open a quiet little shop. What would you like to do?*

RF: Just what I'm doing [*laughs*]. Feeding two or three head of horses and watching TV all day. That's the kind of work I'm cut out for.

TW: *You're a contender for the Academy Award for best actor this year. Are you going to wear a cowboy hat to the ceremony?*

RF: No. I wore one in England and France, because the director [David Lynch] said, "You oughta wear a western outfit over there." They're really looking for something, you know. I can't prove anything here by wearing a cowboy hat. I've been to several of those where I just wore a tuxedo.

TW: *They are really crazy about the Old West overseas.*

RF: Yeah, listen. Those Germans especially. I was interviewed by the German press for a couple days...they really like westerns.

TW: *They've got nothing in their history like this...*

RF: Oh, yeah. They are amazed we even survived those years, you know.

TW: *Who is your favorite Old West character?*

RF: Hmm...well God, I would have to go back to Wyatt Earp. There was nothing phony about him. He went in and did it. You know, that bullshit is hard to photograph [*laughing*]. Go in and get something done...he told it like it was and faced the consequences. Although he wasn't perfect, like everybody else. I think all those guys had two jobs. When things were rough they would do a little larceny and when things were good they'd pin the badge on. They made good lawmen because they knew how outlaws acted and how to treat them. Darn few of those guys, if you trace their history, crossed the law a time or two themselves.

TW: *What Old West books do you recommend to friends?*

RF: Old West books...how about *Range* [magazine]?

TW: *I'm gonna write that one down...*

RF: You put it down, by God. I like it. This last one had some real good stuff in it.

TW: *What makes the perfect day?*

RF: Well, getting up and feeling good, going out and the old horses neighing for their breakfast, the donkeys braying and the horses whinny-

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ing, feeding 'em, coming back inside, making a little breakfast, then watching TV all day, like I said before. That's the perfect day for me.

TW: *Where do you get your boots?*

RF: I get 'em from a fellow in El Paso. I've been getting them there for quite a few years. Before that Paul Bond made boots for me, he's an old guy from Arizona. Great bootmaker. He made all the good ones...he made boots for Fern Sawyer. She was something else, I'll tell you. She had a whole room full of his boots. She's even in the Cowgirl Hall of Fame; she put the cutting horse business on the map.

TW: *What's the most you ever paid for a cowboy hat?*

RF: $125.

TW: *What was the first thing you ran out and bought once you realized you had "made it"?*

RF: See, that's kinda hard to answer because I've "made it" for the last forty years. I made a good living as a stuntman and this acting came on in later years. By the time I started acting I was solvent. In fact, I was about to quit the business and go up to a place in Northern California I had in '77, when I did *Comes a Horseman*. I got an Academy Award nomination and everybody said I oughta go for the acting, and I did. But I didn't go out and buy anything. I had everything I wanted. My kids were raised. I'm not an overnight success. I was a good stuntman...I'm not bragging, but I was, and I made a good living at it. Had this not worked, I'd be fine. I know what you're saying though. If a kid comes out from New York, gets a screen test, gets a big hit, he's gotta get a Cadillac car...fancy clothes...but no, it didn't change my outlook a bit.

TW: *A day in the saddle or a day on the set. Which is better?*

RF: A day on the set for me, now. [*Laughing*] By far.

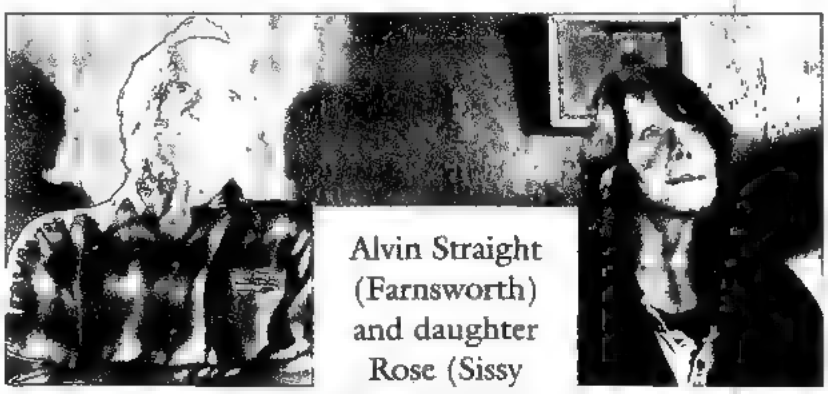
TW: *What is the best thing about being Dick Farnsworth?*

RF: Well, the best thing...I've come to the conclusion, is that I've made it on my own. You know, I never even had publicity people when I did my first film. I didn't have an agent; they just hired me to do some ropin' and added a little dialogue. I made it that way without any publicity. I got a nomination without any PR...just being myself. I don't owe anybody nothing, really. That's the best thing about it.

The Straight Story

In *The Straight Story*, Richard Farnsworth portrays Alvin Straight, a man determined to see his ailing brother Lyle, played by Harry Dean Stanton. Based on the true story of Alvin Straight, the film chronicles Straight's 1994 journey from Laurens' Iowa, to Mt. Zion, Wisconsin. With failing eyesight, Straight set out to reach Lyle on a 1966 John Deere lawn mower.

The determination of one man to survive and embrace the treacherous route, menacing, rumbling 18-wheelers, and the common folk he meets along the way make for a triumphant story. Produced by Walt Disney Pictures, *The Straight Story* is directed by David Lynch.



Alvin Straight (Farnsworth) and daughter Rose (Sissy Spacek) from *The Straight Story*.

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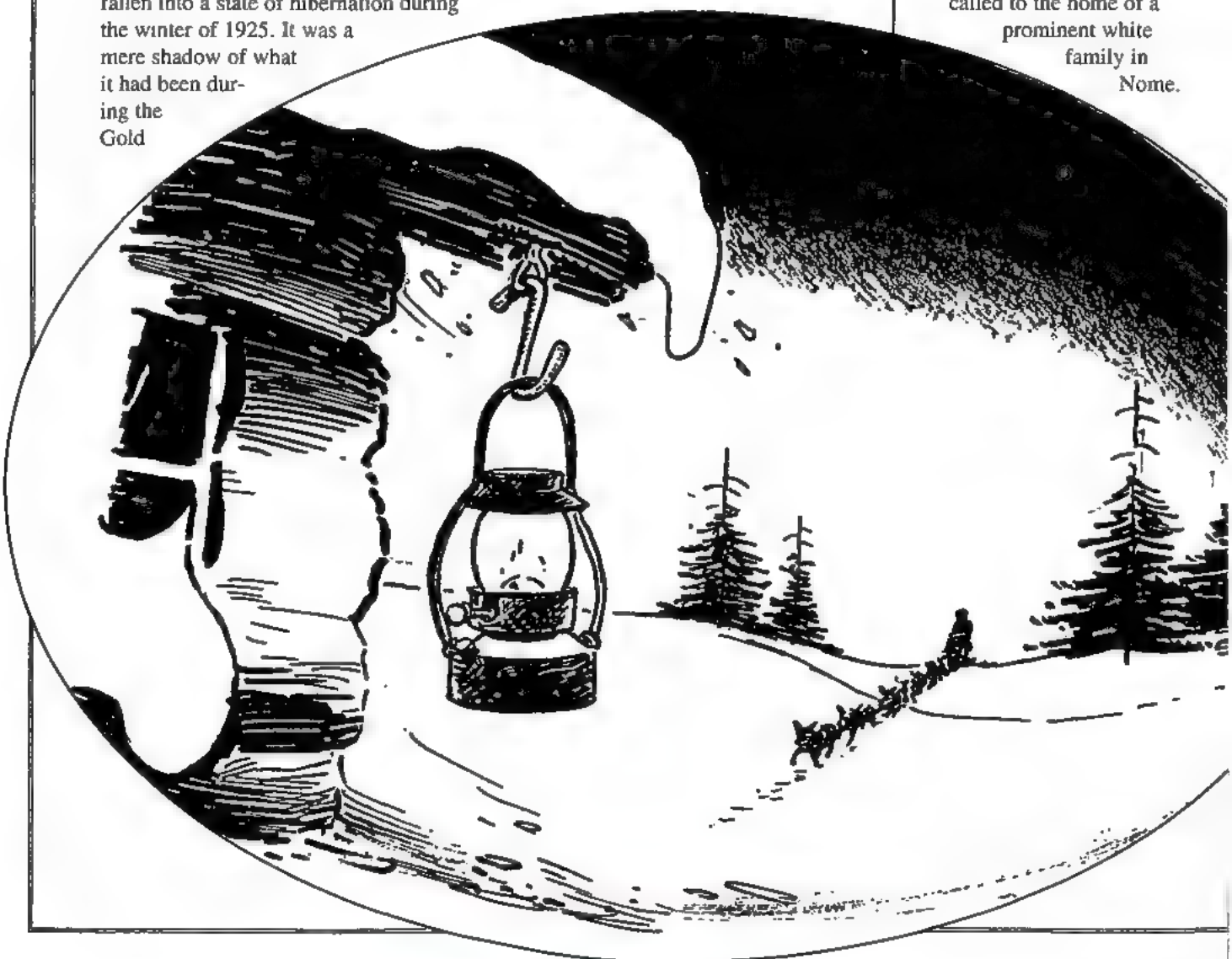
Race to Nome!

Seventy-five years ago this February, across the Alaskan wilderness, mushers raced their teams to save the inhabitants of Nome from an epidemic that meant certain death for the entire city. Their deeds and bravado against raging blizzards, hurricane force winds, subzero temperatures, and time itself became legend immortalized by today's famed Iditarod.

Ice-locked by the sea, Nome had fallen into a state of hibernation during the winter of 1925. It was a mere shadow of what it had been during the Gold Rush days, when saloon owner Wyatt Earp had walked its streets. The city had dwindled to only 974 whites and 455 Eskimos. The main employer was the Hammon Consolidated Gold Fields. The gold fields, and being the hub of trade for Northwest Alaska, kept the community going

The town had a small twenty-five-bed hospital with a staff of only one doctor and two nurses. For the most part, the facility was empty. Dr. Curtis Welch was making house calls on January 21 when he was asked to go down to Sand Spit. Two Eskimo boys living in the abandoned shanty town along the beach had become ill. The oldest boy was only three. Their throats were swollen and each was running a high fever. The next day, Welch was called to the home of a prominent white family in Nome.



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Their son was showing the same signs. Welch was searching his medical books for possible answers to the "bug" when news reached him that the two little Eskimo boys had died. The white child, Richard Stanley, died shortly afterwards. Other children, and now adults, were coming down with symptoms. The small hospital was rapidly filling.

Discreetly, Welch asked for a meeting with Nome Mayor Maynard and M.L. Summers, director of the Hammon mining operations. He told the community leaders they were faced with a diphtheria epidemic. The doctor had only 75,000 units of antitoxin on hand; not enough for Nome's population.

Worse, he told them, the antitoxin was more than five years old and may have lost its potency. Nome's harbor would be blocked by ice for another four months.

Airplanes could not fly in Alaskan winters. The nearest rail station was Nenana, 674 miles to the east.

In a matter of weeks, they could all be dead All recalled the influenza epidemic of 1919 that had wiped out entire Eskimo villages in the area.

It now could be Nome's turn

The only means of saving Nome was to have serum raced in by way of dog teams from the Nenana railhead, using the mail route. There were shelter cabins for the mail mushers every forty miles. Though the record set for the trail was nine days, Welch estimated the serum had to cross the trail in six; the medicine would be ruined if exposed to the plummeting temperatures for any longer.

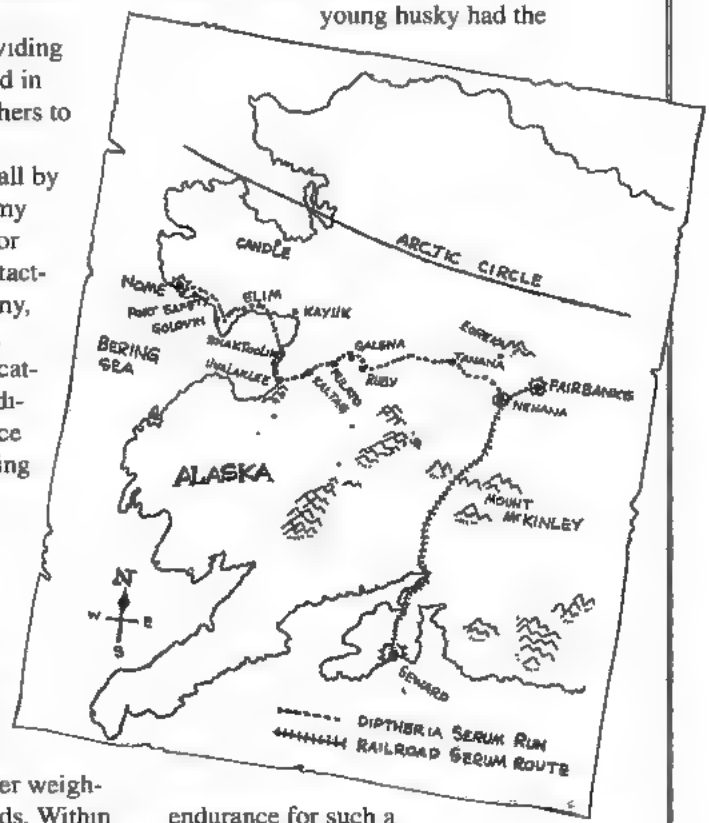
Still, it could be done, providing enough serum could be found in time, as well as enough mushers to make the run.

Welch sent out a distress call by way of the United States Army Signal Corp. Alaska Governor Scott Bone immediately contacted the H.K. Mulford Company, makers of the needed serum. Over a million units were located on the West Coast and redirected to Alaska. But, distance would not allow the life-saving antitoxin to reach Nome in time.

Luck was with Nome. Doctors at the Alaska Railroad Hospital in Anchorage discovered they had 300,000 units on hand. They wrapped the vials to protect them from the cold, and fitted them into a cylinder weighing a little over twenty pounds. Within an hour, the serum was on a train plowing through the snow of Mount McKinley's Alaska Range, 298 miles north of Anchorage.

With four children now dead, the Nome Board of Health selected Leonard Seppala, Alaska's most famous musher of the time, to outfit a dog team and be ready to head for Nenana. Seppala, with Togo, his small Siberian husky, had been the winner of the All-Alaskan Sweepstakes for three years in a row. He assembled his team with thirty dogs belonging to the mining company, and began practicing in the hills while waiting for the word to go. His own daughter, Seigrid, had now come down with the deadly virus.

When selecting the dogs he would entrust with the lives of Nome, Seppala left behind an all black husky named Balto. Seppala doubted if the young husky had the endurance for such a run.



At 11 PM on the night of January 27, the train pulled into Nenana. Approaching the train was a hulking man dressed in animal skins. "Wild Bill" Shannon, known for his practice of brawling with railroad workers and his keen sense of humor, grabbed the package and the special instructions.

By Mike Coppock • Illustrated by Sparky Moore

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He tied the serum to his sled and headed off into the frigid night. Nenana's temperature was minus sixty-two. The race to Nome was on!

There were good reasons why the record time for the trail was nine days. With a little over five hours of sunlight, darkness fell around three in the afternoon. A musher had to travel over forty miles just to make it to a shelter cabin. With temperatures at minus fifty, every part of the driver's skin had to be covered to protect from frostbite. Ice-covered rivers and lakes offered no guarantee against the weight of the sleds. Open water had to be circled The smallest accident could mean a slow death by freezing.

Following the frozen Tanana River for fifty-two miles, Wild Bill Shannon reached the native village of Tolovana by five in the morning. As he handed his cylinder to musher Dan Green, the near-frozen Wild Bill learned that four more children had died in Nome. Shannon slumped silently by the cabin's fire as Green raced on.

That morning, Seppala was summoned to ready his team. He was to race directly to the Yukon River, meet the relay team, and bring the serum back to Nome. Deaths were mounting. Time was running out.

Nome's Front Street was crowded with well-wishers as Alaska's greatest musher headed for the Yukon River, 200 miles away. Seppala was faced with a four hundred-mile round trip without the possibility of a fresh team or rest. Weather reports predicted an incoming blizzard. The lives of the musher's daughter, and all of Nome, depended on his speed.

The relay team, racing for the Yukon River and further on to the Bering Sea coast line, followed the trail in the darkness. There was no sound save for the snap of a whip or the yapping of the dogs. At each shelter cabin, mushers were updated on the death count in Nome. The precious serum was briefly warmed over a wood-stove before the next man pressed on into a deafening silence.

Dan Green traveled thirty miles to Manley Hot Springs. Johnny Folger crossed twenty-eight miles to Fish Lake. Sam Joseph made the

twenty-six-mile run between Fish Lake and the town of Tanana. Titus Nikoli left Tanana for Kallands, a distance of thirty-four miles. Dave Corning took the serum from Kallands another twenty-four miles to the Nine Mile mail cabin. Edgar Kalland raced thirty miles on to Kokrines. Harry Pitka took it from there, thirty miles to the Yukon River port of Ruby. Bill McCarty fought through a blizzard for twenty-eight miles before reaching Whiskey Creek. Edgar Nollner made it from Whiskey Creek to Galena, a stretch of twenty-four miles. His brother, George Nollner, took the serum eighteen more miles to Bishop Mountain.

Musher Charlie Evans later remembered that the fog was so thick near the river that all he could see were the heads and tails of dogs bobbing up and down on the ice ahead of him. He skirted open water for miles before reaching Nulato, thirty miles from Bishop Mountain. Two of his dogs died in harness. Tommy Patsy took the serum another thirty-six miles on to Kaltag.

Kaltag was the end of the mail route along the Yukon River. No one had told the relay team to wait for Seppala, coming in from the west to take the serum on to Nome. Luckily, Mayor Maynard didn't take any chances. Shortly after Seppala had left Nome, he had arranged for relay teams from Kaltag the rest of the way into Nome. Gunnar Kaasen was ordered out from Nome to cover one of the last sections before reaching the city. Going through the kennel, Kaasen chose his animals with care. For his lead dog, he selected Balto—the very husky Seppala had doubted.

Meanwhile, another lone crew raced through the low-lying range of mountains between Kaltag and the sea, finding only the Old Woman shelter house. A lantern had been left burning, fearing the crew might become lost in the approaching storm. Covering forty miles, the team raced another thirty-four miles before reaching Unalakleet and the Bering Sea.

Winds from the forecasted blizzard were beginning to take effect as Myles Gonangnan left Unalakleet, breaking a

The Iditarod 2000

The **28th Annual Iditarod Sled Dog Race** begins on Saturday, March 4, 200, in **Anchorage, Alaska**.

With a record 94 entries this year, teams are scheduled to leave the starting line at the corner of Fourth Avenue and D Street at two-minute intervals, starting at 10 AM.

Around noon, teams will begin arriving at the first checkpoint, at **Eagle River**, about fifteen miles north of Anchorage on Glenn Highway. At this point, mushers will load their teams into trucks and drive to **Wasilla**.

On Sunday morning, the teams will restart from Wasilla, leaving at the two minute intervals. An hour's run away is the next checkpoint, **Knik Lake**. Teams will begin arriving at 11 AM, for the last dash for **Nome**, and the finish line.

By best estimate, teams are expected to arrive in Nome sometime between late Monday, March 12 and Tuesday, March 13. During the interval, festivities including parties, balls, and banquets are planned in and around Anchorage for Iditarod fans and visitors.

The official **Iditarod Awards Banquet**, is tentatively scheduled for Sunday night, March 19, at Nome's Recreation Center. Tickets are $30 each, and are available at race headquarters. Alaska Airlines will be shuttling visitors back to the lower 48 states throughout the week.

Question: *What does Iditarod mean, anyway?*

Answer: The race name was taken from Haliditarod, the river on which Anchorage was built. Halidtarod is derived from the Ingalik Indian word *hidehod*, meaning "distant place."

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trail through six inches of fresh snow to Shaktoolik, forty miles away.

The full force of a massive blizzard was finally coming on shore as Henry Ivanoff left Shaktoolik. His dogs picked up a reindeer scent and began fighting. As Ivanoff fought to untangle the snarling beasts, he saw a figure approach through the blowing snow. It was Seppala, fighting his way to the Yukon.

Ivanoff waved Seppala off the trail. The Norwegian had already traveled forty-three miles along the coast, stopping for a brief nap at an Eskimo igloo. Taking the serum from Ivanoff, Seppala faced a ninety-mile trip back to Golovin He raced into the teeth of the incoming blizzard.

A few miles out from Shaktoolik, the trail came to the beach of Norton Sound. The winds had transformed the trail into a glassy surface for ninety-one miles. Seppala paused. Gale force winds were churning the sea, violently heaving the ice pack. The ice could break up and be swept away. Pressure from the storm surge was creating razor-sharp spears of ice.

If he left the trail and cut across the ice pack, he could save hours, possibly saving the serum. On the other hand, if he tried the crossing and failed, the serum, and lives, would be lost.

Seppala took his team onto the ice. The howling wind blew both driver and team sideways. Occasionally, the dogs slipped on the smoothed ice, but Togo kept the pace.

Then, Seppala heard the ice beneath and around him groan and pop. The gale force winds were pulling the ice into the raging sea as he and his dogs were crossing it. He peered forward in the blowing snow, snapping his whip in the air. Togo kept his nose pointed forward, plunging headlong into the endless white

By 8 PM Saturday night, Seppala had reached the rocky shore of the other side and the Eskimo igloo where he had napped the previous night. He, Togo, and the dog team had covered eighty-six miles over the pack ice. When he woke in the morning, Norton Sound was clear. The

pack ice had been taken out to sea.

Rubbing and massaging his stiffened dogs, Seppala pressed on through the blizzard to Dexter's Roadhouse outside Golovin. Handing the cylinder to Charlie Olson, Seppala's dogs collapsed in their harnesses. The serum was now seventy-eight miles from Nome.

Kaasen was warming himself by the stove in the cabin at Bluff when Olson stumbled in Hurricane-force winds had buried his team in the snow. Olson had dug them out, but the dogs were freezing. To save them, Olson wrapped them with blankets, exposing his own fingers to the wind. Frostbite was setting in and he could not move his hands. Kaasen went out to tend to Olson's dogs as the exhausted musher went over to the fire. He held his hands over the flame, watching the flesh turn to a ghostly white.

He then told Kaasen the bad news. He feared the serum had frozen. Kaasen shook the cylinder; there was no sound of liquid sloshing inside. Still, Kaasen had to go. It was thirty-two miles to the Port Safety Roadhouse, directly into the winds that had buried Olson.

The fury of the blizzard was now at its zenith. Nome called Solomon Roadhouse, telling the mushers to stop due to the storm. It would be futile to try for Nome now in such weather.

It was too late for word to reach Kaasen. He and his team, led by Balto, were struggling through the heavy snow. As the team began crossing Topkok River, Balto suddenly stopped. Kaasen jumped off the sled, discovering that Balto had stopped just short of open water. The lead dog had saved the team. Kaasen skirted the water, continuing for Port Safety. By the time they reached Spruce Creek, the wind had caused Kaasen's eyes to swell shut. He was blind. It was up to Balto.

Just short of Port Safety, a gale blew Kaasen's team and sled into a snow bank. After tending to his dogs, and regaining partial eyesight, Kaasen reached down into the sled to make sure the cylinder was tied down. It was gone. Frantically, he probed the snow for the serum. For what seemed an eternity, he dug blindly until his numbed fingers made contact with the container. He tied it to the sled and raced for the Port Safety Roadhouse.

At Port Safety, Kaasen was to give the serum to Ed Rohn for the final twenty-one miles into Nome. The roadhouse was dark when he arrived. He had no idea Rohn and the others had been ordered to stand down due to the blizzard. Though Kaasen's eyes were still swelled shut, Balto and the other dogs seemed willing to continue. Kaasen decided not to wait for Rohn.

After traveling fifty-three grueling miles, Kaasen and his team arrived in Nome at 5:30 AM, Monday, February 2. Kaasen pounded on Dr. Welch's door. He then handed the doctor the cylinder of frozen serum. The doctor carefully thawed the antitoxin then gave it to the first patient. It was still potent, but if the serum had remained frozen any longer, it would have been useless.

The mushers had taken 127 hours and thirty minutes—just over five days—to deliver the cure. The old record had been bested by four days.

Seigrid Seppala survived the diphtheria epidemic of 1925, as did the rest of Nome. Her father never raced again; nor did his famed lead dog Togo.

The H.K. Mulford Company awarded Kaasen a thousand dollars. Each driver was paid $18.66, plus $25 a day added by Governor Bone, and a medal. Wild Bill Shannon continued his brawling ways until he was killed by a bear while prospecting. Four of the mushers died later, either from drowning or freezing along the very same trail delivering the U.S. mail. Charlie Olson's fingers suffered severe frostbite, but were not amputated.

As for Balto, a bronze statue was unveiled in New York City's Central Park honoring him. It stands there today. The inscription reads: "Endurance, Fidelity, Intelligence." Luckily for Nome, the last dog picked was the first to arrive, saving an entire generation of Alaskans.

Michael Coppock made his debut with the 1998 article, "The Trial of Standing Bear." The author, an Oklahoma air traffic controller, is currently writing a book on fishing in Alaska.

Homes of the

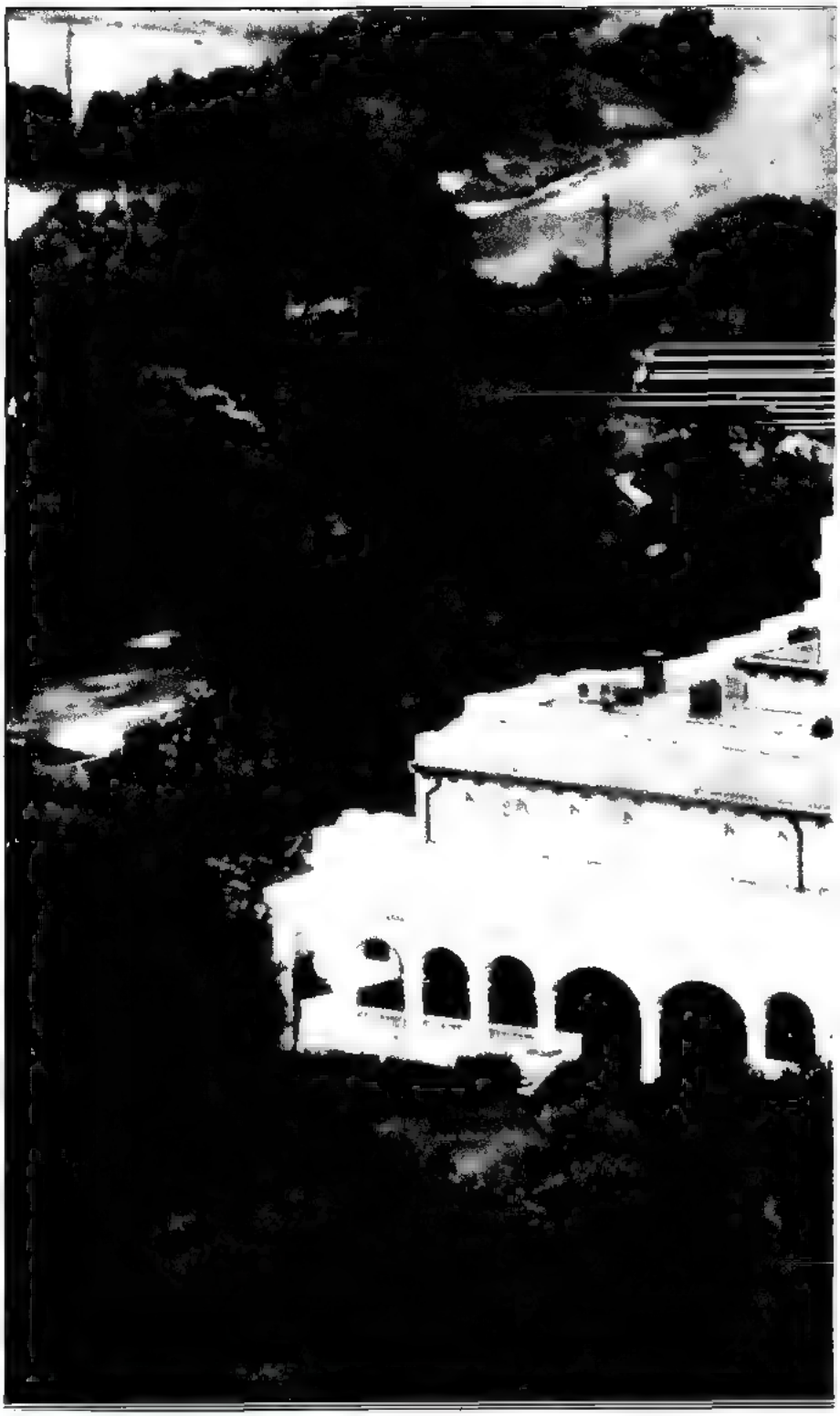
In the savage Big Bend country of West Texas in the 1850s, Milton Faver built a ranch compound for defense from Apaches. Amenities were few. About thirty years later, Burton H. "Barbecue" Campbell, the early general manager of the XIT Ranch in the Texas Panhandle, wanted to recreate a Scottish castle on the banks of the Little Arkansas River in Wichita, Kansas. The Santa Gertrudis ranch of the famous King Ranch in South Texas became a "Scene of Hospitality" until it burned in 1912. Henrietta King wanted her new house to be a place "that anybody could walk in boots." Ranch manager and son-in-law Robert J. Kleberg, Sr. made sure the new house was also "a monument to Mrs. King's hospitality."

Different ranches and different ranching personalities resulted in a wide range of nineteenth and early twentieth century architecture, that visitors can still see today.

With a flowing beard and iron will, Milton Faver is remembered today as the "Mystery Man of the Big Bend." He was probably born around 1822 in Virginia, Kentucky, or Missouri. One oft-told story says Faver thought he killed a man in a duel in Missouri and fled to Mexico. Several years later, Faver learned that the man hadn't died, so Faver returned to the United States. True story or just tall tale, by the 1840s Faver was living in Mexico, where he became a successful freighter and later opened a mercantile in Presidio del Norte around 1855. In 1857, after locating springs near Cibolo Creek south of Fort Davis, Faver began construction of a ranch.

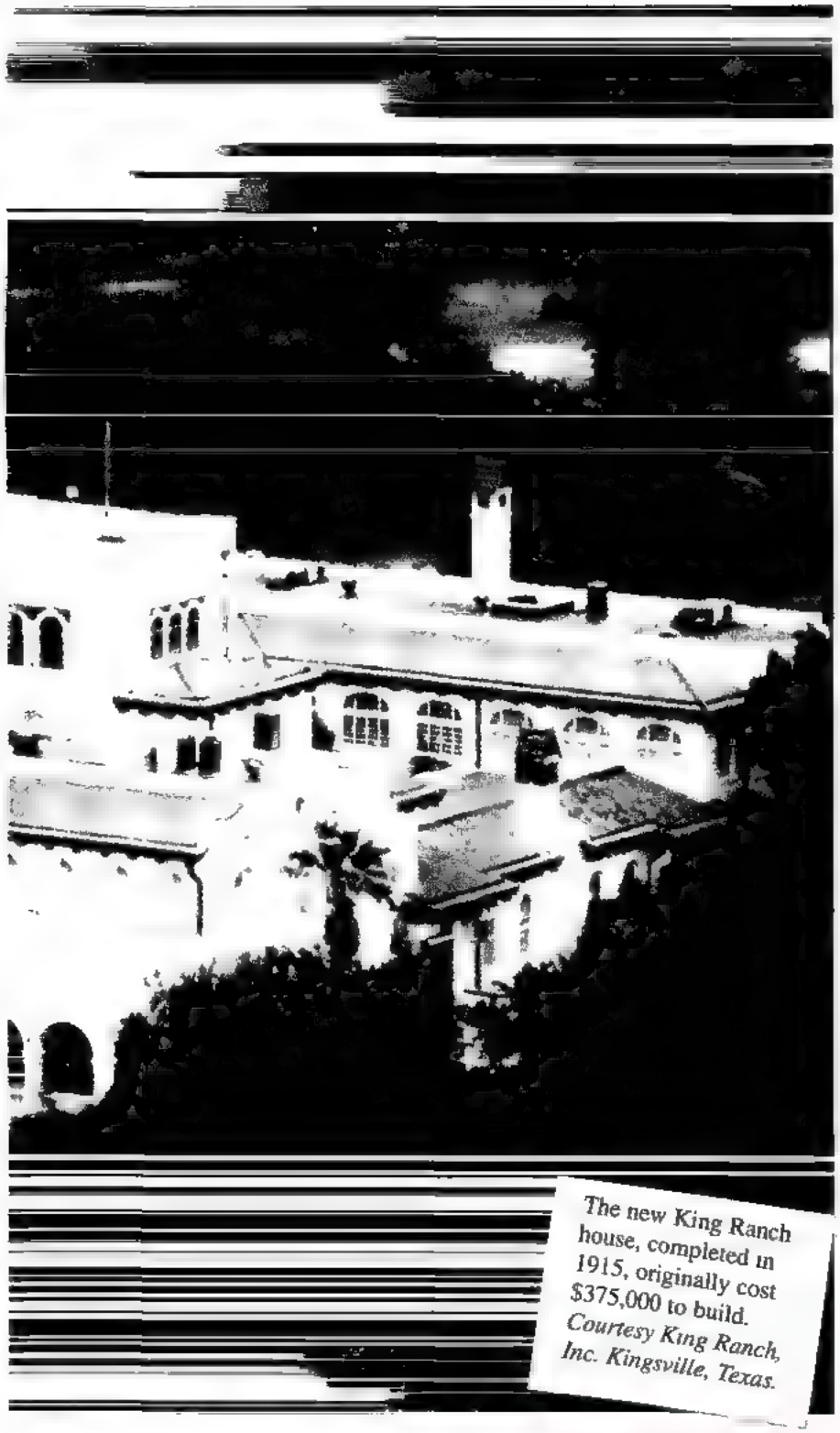
Actually, he built a fort.

El Fortin del Cibolo included a 90-by-140-foot stone corral, three feet thick and four feet high. The fort, built of adobe walls twenty to thirty inches thick, had two wings: a seventy-five-foot-long gallery running southwest to northeast,



Cattle Barons

By Johnny D. Boggs



The new King Ranch house, completed in 1915, originally cost $375,000 to build. *Courtesy King Ranch, Inc. Kingsville, Texas.*

and a 160-foot-long wing, including the main gate, running northwest to southeast. Round two-story towers, with open windows upstairs and firing loopholes downstairs, were built on the southeast and northwest corners.

The south wing had three double-door gateways, large enough to allow wagons to pass. It was here that Faver likely did his trading and bartering and served up his famous home-brewed peach brandy. The east wing was divided by a roofed, hacienda gateway, nine feet wide and twelve feet high. Four twelve-by-thirteen rooms lay south of the gateway, including what was probably Faver's room with a stone floor and well-barred and shuttered window. Two long rooms lay north of the gateway, with a dome-shaped oven built against the wall on the courtyard side of the northernmost room.

It certainly wasn't posh, and probably wasn't comfortable, but it got the job done.

Faver would add other adobe compounds to his ranch, at Cienega Creek and la Morita. He built up his cattle, sheep, and farming operations until his death in 1889. By then, his El Fortin del Cibolo had earned a glowing reputation among West Texas travelers. One praised the Cibolo ranch in the 1870s or 1880s:

> This is a most extraordinary settlement....His house is literally his castle built of adobes, in a rectangular shape, the corners flanked by huge mud towers. He cultivates quite a field here—has a peach orchard—very good peach brandy. We got a bunch of eggs, coffee, tortillas and the old man invited us into his sanctum to try the "peaches and honey."

If Milton Faver's home was an adobe castle, then "Barbecue" Campbell's Wichita estate was the real thing

Burton Harvey Campbell was born in

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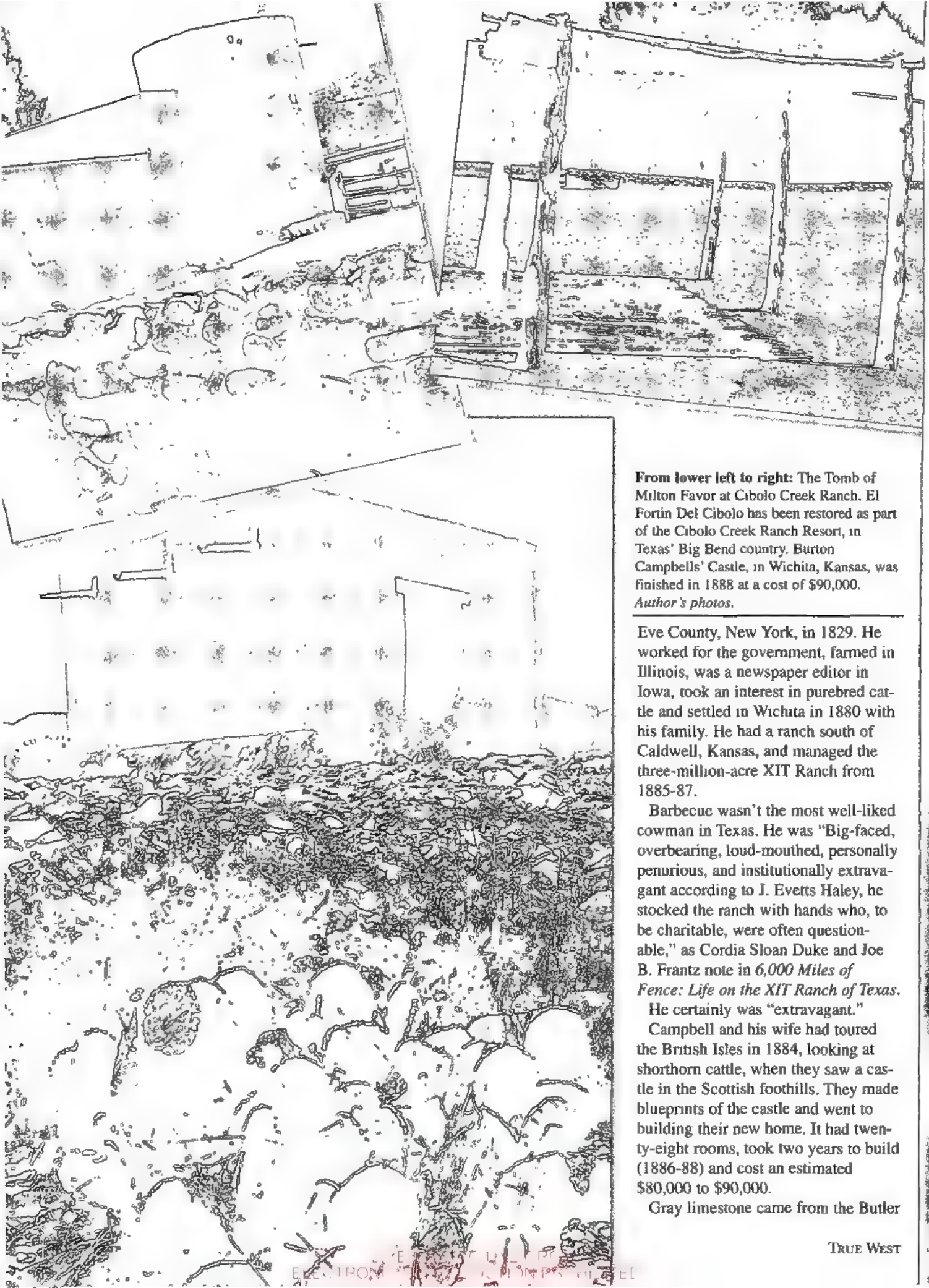


From lower left to right: The Tomb of Milton Favor at Cibolo Creek Ranch. El Fortin Del Cibolo has been restored as part of the Cibolo Creek Ranch Resort, in Texas' Big Bend country. Burton Campbells' Castle, in Wichita, Kansas, was finished in 1888 at a cost of $90,000. *Author's photos.*

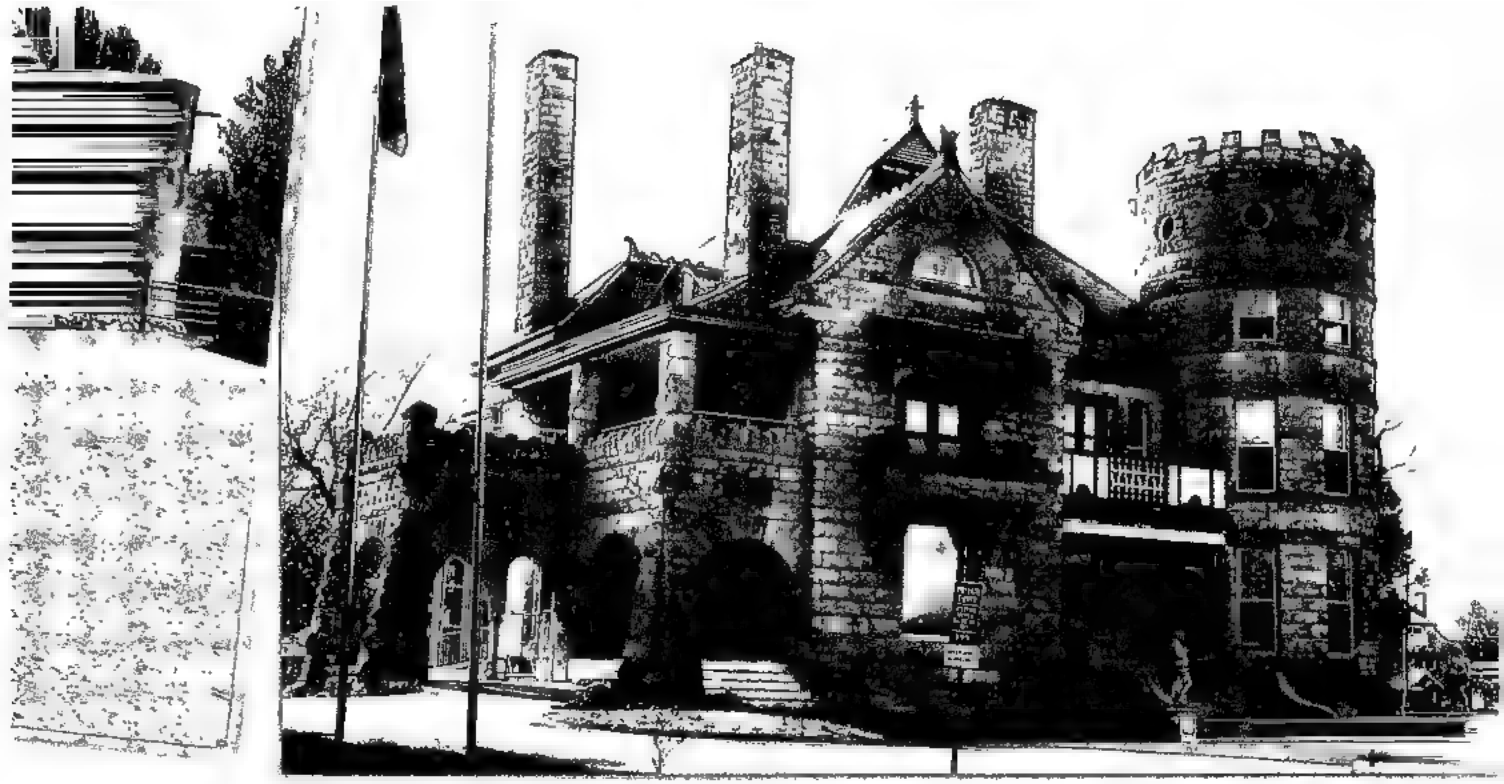
Eve County, New York, in 1829. He worked for the government, farmed in Illinois, was a newspaper editor in Iowa, took an interest in purebred cattle and settled in Wichita in 1880 with his family. He had a ranch south of Caldwell, Kansas, and managed the three-million-acre XIT Ranch from 1885-87.

Barbecue wasn't the most well-liked cowman in Texas. He was "Big-faced, overbearing, loud-mouthed, personally penurious, and institutionally extravagant according to J. Evetts Haley, he stocked the ranch with hands who, to be charitable, were often questionable," as Cordia Sloan Duke and Joe B. Frantz note in *6,000 Miles of Fence: Life on the XIT Ranch of Texas.*

He certainly was "extravagant."

Campbell and his wife had toured the British Isles in 1884, looking at shorthorn cattle, when they saw a castle in the Scottish foothills. They made blueprints of the castle and went to building their new home. It had twenty-eight rooms, took two years to build (1886-88) and cost an estimated $80,000 to $90,000.

Gray limestone came from the Butler



County quarry. Campbell wanted a modern home with "a bathroom that he could turn around in." He and his wife filled the inside with antiques: a 150-year-old staircase imported from London with Spanish chevalier lamps, a 550-year-old Grecian fireplace, an oak fireplace from Spain, carbide-gas lighting, stained glass windows, fret work carved by an inmate in an Irish debtors prison, even an 1880s-style intercom system.

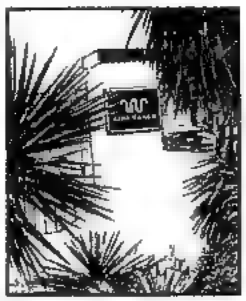
The building measured 60 feet long, 75 feet deep with an overall height of 40 feet. "1888" and the initials "BHC" were inscribed above the Porte-cochere carriage entrance on the south side of the building. The Latin greeting "SALVE" was carved over the south porch at the east entrance.

Not everyone liked the castle—some thought it was too much for a residence—but it was here to say. As Walter Morris, who bought the house in 1910, said: "When I got ready to buy it, I took an architect over to look at it. He told me it would stand firmly for a thousand years. I said that would be as long as I would want it, so I bought the place right then."

Just as impressive was the Santa Gertrudis home of Henrietta King.

Captain Richard King had founded King Ranch in 1853 along Santa Gertrudis Creek in South Texas' Wild Horse Desert. A friend named Robert E. Lee, an officer at Fort Brown, sug-

The Homes Today



Visitors can still see the remarkable architecture of El Fortin del Cibolo, the Campbell Castle, and the Santa Gertrudis Main House.

El Fortin del Cibolo, as well as Milton Faver's forts at la Cienega and la Morita, is part of the Cibolo Creek Ranch resort near Shafter. Owner John Poindexter began restoration of the adobe forts in the early 1990s, and the resort opened in 1993. Nightly rates start at $250, including meals. For information, write Cibolo Creek Ranch, PO Box 44, Shafter, TX 79850. The phone number is (915) 229-3737. The web site is www.cibolocreekranch.com.

Likewise, Burton Harvey Campbell's Scottish castle has been turned into an upscale bed and breakfast. In 1994, Terry and Paula Lowry bought the property and spent more than $1 million restoring the castle. Nightly rates start at $125. Write The Castle Inn Riverside, 1155 N. River Blvd., Wichita, KS 67203. For more information, call (316) 263-9300, or visit their web site: www.castleinnriverside.com.

With 825,000 acres, King Ranch remains a working, diversified agriculture operation. Although the inside of the Santa Gertrudis Main House is not open to the public, ranch tours are offered at the visitor center. A King Ranch museum is located at 405 N. Sixth St. in downtown Kingsville. Hours for both are 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Monday through Saturday and noon-5 p.m. Sunday. For information, write King Ranch, PO Box 1090, Kingsville, TX 78364. The visitor center phone number is (361) 592-8055, the museum can be reached at (361) 595-1881.

From left to right: The original King Ranch home, which burned in 1912. *Courtesy King Ranch Archives.* Colonel Burton Campbell filled his "castle" with expensive imports (middle) and portraits of himself and his land holdings *Author's photos.*

This Month's Featured Author:

Name: Johnny Darrell Boggs
Date, Place of Birth: 11.22.62
Florence, S.C
Educational Background: University of South Carolina
Occupation: Journalist
Hometown: Santa Fe, NM
Family: Wife, Lisa; bassett hound, Scout
Publishing History: *That Terrible Texas Weather, Pampered Cowboy,* eleven novels, and hundreds of articles and book reviews for various publications.
First *True West* Article: A book review in July 1992.
Current Research/Projects: A study of great western trials; a novel based on the life of Henry Flipper.
Interests/Hobbies: You are looking at it.
Favorite Western Movie: *The Searchers*
Currently Reading: *Buffalo Soldiers and Officers of the Ninth Cavalry,* by Charles L. Kenner.
Favorite Historical Quote: "The world is bobbing around."—Sam Bass
Western History Inspirations: "Anything by Robert Utley. As a boy, it was the Old West Time-Life series, which taught me there was more to the frontier than Matt Dillon and Miss Kitty."

gested that King build his home on the high ground overlooking the creek. King brought his new bride, Henrietta, to the home in December 1854. A two-story frame house, with fifteen or twenty rooms, was built in 1858 or 1860. By the 1870s, the "Southern planter's home" was described as "Unpretentious in its exterior" and "a very dream of refined luxury."

"In curios and cases in the great rooms were countless treasures picked up in the Rio Grande Valley—Mexican silverware, ornaments, and pottery; superb embroidery, and knightly saddle-gear; minerals, Aztec relics, rare carvings; Indian spoils in endless profusion, and an extensive collection of weapons, personal ornaments, and masses of old books, religious ornaments, and costly vessels."

It all went up in flames on January 4, 1912.

Santa Gertrudis, was destroyed by fire at two o'clock in the morning, "causing a loss of more than $50,000," the *San Antonio Light* reported. "Mrs. King and members of the family of R.J. Kleberg narrowly escaped death in the fire and were rescued with difficulty as the flames enveloped the structure within a few minutes after the alarm had been given. No one was injured. The origin of the fire is unknown."

Henrietta King, a widow since 1885, wanted a comfortable, unpretentious, Christian home She and Robert Kleberg also wanted something fireproof. "We were determined at the outset that we should make the new home as nearly fireproof as possible. It is peculiar and unfortunate that so many of us have to have a fire before we realize the terror of it and properly guard against such occurrences."

Kleberg liked the hacienda-style homes of northern Mexico, and hired San Antonio architects Carl and Carleton Adams to design the building.

Adams & Adams came up with a two-story, twenty-five-room house with basement and tower, central patio, and large louvered windows and doors. The main entrance faced east, for the best view. The mission-style house was constructed of reinforced concrete, hollow tile, and brick. Wood paneling and wood wainscots were avoided to reduce further fire hazard. Contracts went to Southern Engineering Company of Houston and Tiffany Studios of New York. Initial estimates were $108,000 for construction and $17,750 for interior decorations.

Guess again.

The home took three years to build and wound up costing about $375,000, including $80,000 for Tiffany's wrought iron, stained glass, fixtures, drapes, carpets, and adornments. The floors were teak, pegged with rosewood, flagstone, tile, and New York blue slate. Thrown in were bronzed door grills, marble stairs from Italy, a red tile roof, and pierced tower. The tower had a purpose, though, for as late as 1915 bandits crossed over from Mexico and raided the area. The new home suited Henrietta King's demands. It was a place where "cowboys could feel comfortable in their boots."

She lived there until she died in 1925.

REVIEWS

BOOKS • MOVIES • VIDEOS

The Newspaper Indian: Native American Identity in the Press, 1820-90

By John M. Coward. (University of Illinois Press, 1325 S. Oak St., Champaign, IL 61820. Illustrated, bibliography, 244 pages $39.95 Cloth; $18.95 Paper.)

★★★★

It is no secret that the media in all its various forms wields great power in shaping public opinion. In the days of the wild frontier, newspapers were the primary source of information for readers about the characters, events, and culture found in the mysterious and romantic untamed Western territories. Present-day culture and books continue to perpetuate many of those nineteenth-century newsprint representations (or misrepresentations), whether correct portrayals or tarnished by myth or prejudice. No group of Western history newsmakers, however, have endured such a lasting contradictory stereotype than the American Indian.

John Coward, in a work that had its roots years ago as a doctoral dissertation, provides the first in-depth examination of the portrayal by newspapers of the American Indian. As might be expected, it is for the most part not a positive representation. Indians were in the way of progress, which made them enemies to the proponents of Manifest Destiny. Although more fact-based stories eventually emerged in time, exaggerations and sensationalism to incite the public were standard operating procedure.

With well-researched, fascinating accounts depicting the evolution of

Photo Collage by Robert Ray

REVIEWS

our thinking about Indians as shaped by newspapers, Coward explains how a number of famous events were used as propaganda or censored in order to further the ambitions of white America—at the expense of the Indian.

In addition to the discovery, destiny, savagery, romance, and rumor that comprised general reporting through the years, some of the issues covered in detail with generous citations include: the cruel removal of tribes from their land; the scandalous 1864 Sand Creek Massacre of peaceful Southern Cheyennes under Black Kettle by Colorado militia Colonel John Chivington; the 1866 defeat of Captain William Fetterman by Red Cloud's warriors on the Bozeman Trail; how Sitting Bull, as an example of those native leaders that have gained prominence in history, was made into a villain; and the efforts of reformers to propagandize on behalf of the Indian.

The author fairly concludes that although newspapers might have contributed in part to the chaotic civilization of the West, the cultural gap between Indians and whites was so wide that there was little the press could have done to change destiny.

This insightful book certainly fills a void by offering the reader an opportunity to gain knowledge from yet another aspect affecting Native American history. While reading the book, however, one cannot help but think that the more things change—the more they remain the same. Reporting these days may be more accurate due to modern technology, but many of the same myths and prejudices toward Indians remain a part of our society, and the two races are no closer to understanding each other than in the nineteenth century. *Thom Hatch.*

A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains

By Isabella Lucy Bird; edited by Ernest S. Bernard. (University of Oklahoma Press, 4100 28th Ave., N.W., Norman, OK 73069. Photos, maps, 288 pages. $24.95 Paper.)

★★★

Originally published in 1879, this first-rate memoir, a collection of letters written by an amazing Victorian woman, Isabella Bird, chronicles her adventures of 1873, in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. Considered a minor classic in travel writing, especially by a woman, the book has staying power, having been reprinted several times over the past century.

In 1873, Bird came to the Colorado Rockies, spending the summer and fall in Estes Park. Bird fell into the trend of the times, mountain climbing. She became obsessed with Longs Peak, above Estes Park, and desperately wanted to become the first woman to climb the mountain. Her account of her ascent to the peak, with legendary guide "Rocky Mountain" Jim Nugent, is absolutely thrilling, as well as her many descriptions of the scenery, weather, and living conditions. Anyone who has climbed Longs Peak, would have to admire Bird's courage and stamina.

In one of her many colorful letters is her account of Rocky Mountain Jim. Bird writes, "Though his manner was certainly bolder and freer than that of gentlemen generally, no imaginary fault could be found. He was very agreeable as a man of culture as well as a child of nature."

Isabella Bird's book has been a favorite of mine, and has graced my bookshelf for years. Learning of this new release, edited by Ernest S. Bernard, my first thought was the familiar "if it ain't broke, don't fix it." Yet, this new addition includes commentary and annotation, maps, additional photos, and an appendix.

While Bird writes with great authority, she was often confused and conveys wrong information. For anyone who has been in the Rockies, this is easy to do. However, Bernard sets the reader straight. By using colorful detail, he manages to discover the exact route Bird traveled during her ascent of Long's Peak.

Women like Isabella Bird were one of the great legacies of the Victorian period. For those unfamiliar with Bird, this reprint will breath new life to her story. *Linda Wommack.*

A Golden State: Mining and Economic Development in Gold Rush California

Edited by James J. Rawls and Richard J. Orsi. (University of California Press, Berkeley, CA 94720. Photographs, illustrations, tables, index, 313 pages. $50 Cloth, $24.95 Paper.)

★

This is the second installment of the California History Sesquicentennial Series, a joint venture of the University of California and the California Historical Society. Each volume is a collection of essays built around the theme of a given epoch in California history. The state's Gold Rush and its aftermath consist of the core

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REVIEWS CONTINUED

subject matter for this work.

While this book is well-packaged and profusely illustrated, it is difficult to see which audience—if any—should find it appealing. Scholars and enthusiasts will notice few insights or facts which they have not seen elsewhere, as is borne out by a study of the essays' endnotes. Those seeking an introduction to the field will, frankly, find this volume a bore. The tone tends toward the academic and interpretive, with too little flavor of the times relayed via illustrative quotation and anecdote.

Most competent among the contributions are Donald Pisani's thoughtful explanation of the Gold Rush's contribution to the evolution of American property law; Duane Smith's survey of the influence of California in other nineteenth-century mining venues; and David St. Clair's study of the industries developed to support California's mines. Best of all is a detailed treatise by A.C.W. Bethel on the major synthesis of this subject material available, and he lays a significant foundation for future researchers.

Nevertheless, all this is awfully familiar ground, none of it exciting or noteworthy. Daniel Cornford's piece on Gold Rush labor has a dastardly college-freshman-lecture ring to it: "What impelled the mass migration of 300,000 people to California between 1848 and the mid-1850s? What were the living and working conditions of the miners?" As if these questions haven't been asked—and answered—a million times over. Next subject, please!

Irritating and inaccurate is a statement made by Raymond Dassman in his reflections on the ecological impact of the Gold Rush: "Away from the Mother Lode country, the ancient sequoia were cut down, apparently just because they were there, in the Converse Basin of what was to be Sequoia-Kings Canyon National Park." Wrong on all counts. Vandals did not cut down whole forests for kicks. The Converse Basin (part of the Sequoia National Forest, not the parks), as is otherwise well-known, was exploited by simple commercial logging. That errors as flagrant as these slipped by the usually facile University of California Press is astounding.

The only areas left for groundbreaking in this genre lie in specialized studies. Rather than contemplate broad, hackneyed vistas, the editors should have asked the contributors to be more imaginative. If this book had essays on, say, the menus offered by early California restaurants or the evolution of Gold Rush architecture from tents to marble-faced buildings, it would entertain and make an impressive whole. What remains is opposed to this ideal, and cannot be recommended. *William Secrest.*

Ghost Towns of Colorado: Your Guide To Colorado's Historic Mining Camps and Ghost Towns

By Philip Varney, photography by John Drew. (Voyageur Press, 123 N. Second St., Stillwater, MN 55082. Photos, maps, bibliography, 160 pages. $19.95 Paper.)

★★★

Prospector Nicholas Creede discovered a rich silver

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outcropping in 1889, and soon a boomtown took shape. Creede became the last of Colorado's silver towns, ruined when silver was taken out of the currency in 1893. Nicholas Creede moved to Los Angeles, where he committed suicide in 1897 because "his wife, from whom he had separated, insisted on living with him."

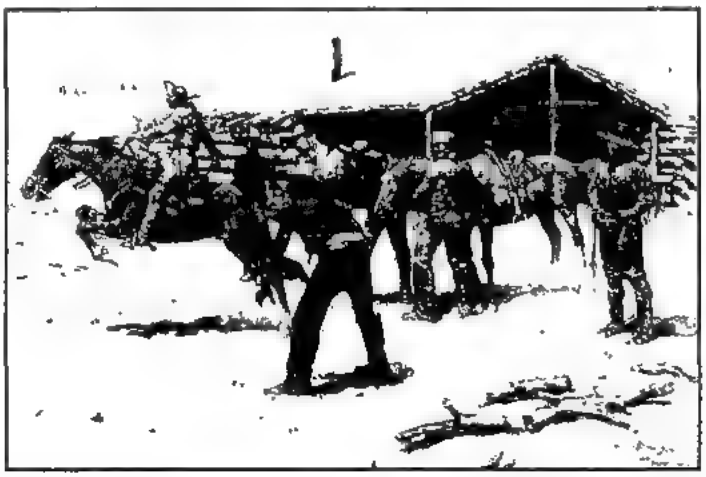
Georgetown played host to "Colorado's most elaborate" outhouse, a six-holer with two entrances. In the pit of this classy privy, excavators found pieces of broken china, dropped through the seat by maids "to conceal their clumsiness."

Such anecdotes greatly enliven the most recent of Philip Varney's five ghost town books. Varney has concentrated on the boom towns of Colorado, featuring eighty-eight sites that were once camps or towns. Photographer John Drew provides 150 color images; there are also twenty-one archival photos and a dozen useful maps.

These illustrations are excellent, but the strongest part of the book is the lively, informative text. Varney has visited each site several times, and is extremely knowledgeable regarding the existing architecture. The author provides careful directions to each site, extended to local cemeteries and memorable epitaphs therein.

Varney's loose definition of "ghost" towns includes St. Elmo and Cripple Creek, both abandoned for their original attractions. When I next travel to Colorado, this book will deeply enrich my visit. *Bill O'Neal.*

Russell and Remington Western Art Prints



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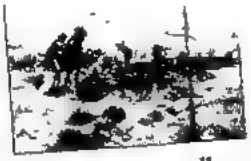

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Wild Wild Sex

THE WHORES IN '51

Adapted from Gold Dust & Gunsmoke
By John Boessenecker
San Francisco mugbook photos courtesy of the author.

The miners came in forty-nine.
The whores in fifty-one;
And when they got together
They produced the native son.
—POPULAR GOLD RUSH SONG

During the embryonic years of California's Gold Rush, women were harder to find than the valuable flakes and nuggets. "There were whole groups of camps which could be searched in vain for the presence of a single woman," noted historian Hubert H. Bancroft. "In the mining region men would travel from afar for a glance at a newly arrived female, or handle in mock or real ecstasy some fragment of female apparel." One miner claimed to have walked forty miles to gaze upon a female. A enterprising groom in Shasta charged five dollars a piece to witness his marriage, a price eagerly paid by lonely miners intent on looking at the bride. By 1850, more women arrived on the Coast. In San Francisco, boatmen would holler "Ladies on board!" to attract riders.

Even in 1850, women were still a faint minority among the hordes descending upon California. A vast majority of these new women were prostitutes from as far away as Australia, eager to separate the men from their gold. An over-eager newspaperman reported that "nine hundred of the French demi-monde" were scheduled to arrive; when the boat docked, only fifty women were actually aboard. Women continued to stream in, but by 1860, they still only accounted for twenty-five percent of the population.

The elusive woman was treated with respect and reverence in California. "When a woman passed a group of rough, uneducated men in the street, every hat was raised respectfully," remembered Dutch Charlie Duane. To the gold seekers, a woman's honor was not to be tarnished. In one instance, a

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woman stormed into a saloon and attacked a gambler with a whip. When the crowd learned that the man had abandoned the women in a time of need, they held the scoundrel to the floor while the lady continued her whipping.

While unfitting for such a tough climate, the respect for women kept rape at relatively low levels. Despite the level of man-to-man violence, women in Gold Rush California were safer than the average woman in our modern world. Because crimes against women were so few, those that did occur demanded sensational coverage in the newspapers. Prostitutes and battered wives accounted for most of the victims.

On occasion, women were the aggressors. One of the most notorious of Gold Rush women was Ida Vanard, a pretty and popular "soiled dove." After following the mining camp circuit, Ida landed in Sacramento, where she opened a Third Street brothel. Not long after setting up shop, Ida learned that her regular lover was visiting the bed of a New Orleans whore named Mary Lee.

On the morning of October 21, 1853, after hearing of her lover's moonlight ride with Mary Lee the night before, Ida stormed through the streets of Sacramento, intent on revenge. Arriving at Annie Wood's Second Street bordello, Ida forced the madam to lead her to Mary Lee. Ida burst into a back room, yelling "You slept with my man!"

Mary admitted that she had, but that "they were both 'tight'," meaning they were intoxicated at the time.

As the women argued the finer points of drunken love, Madam Woods suggested they go elsewhere to settle their dis-

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The American Indian

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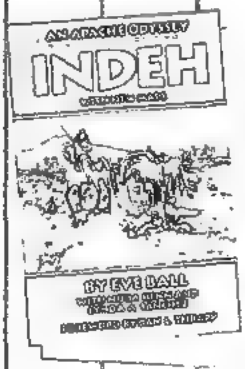

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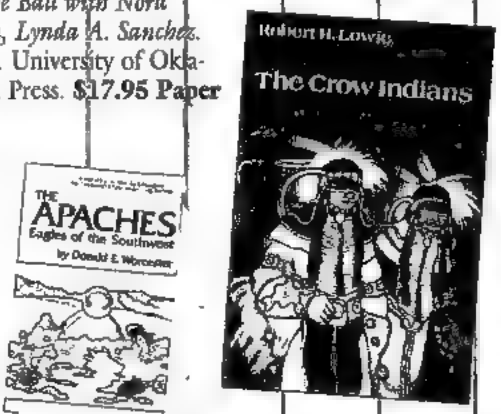

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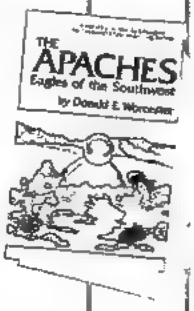

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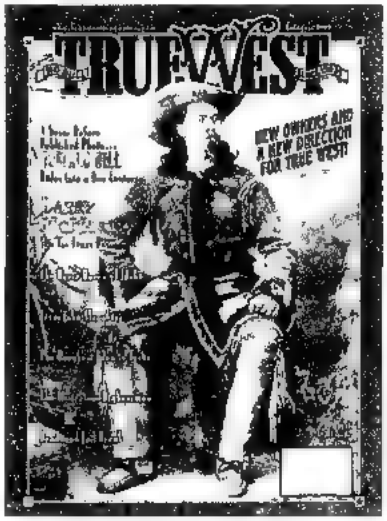

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Wild Wild Sex

pute. Challenged to step outside by Ida, Mary responded that, "I will not make a blackguard of myself fighting with nobody."

Ida responded by pulling Mary's hair and slapping her in the face. A catfight ensued. As both women were rolling on the floor, fists full of hair, Mary managed to gain her footing. As the prostitute stood up, Ida drew a Bowie knife from her clothes and stabbed Mary in the stomach.

Stabbing again, Ida cut across Mary's knee before she was wrestled to the ground and disarmed by some of Annie Woods' girls. As the wounded girl stumbled out the door, Madam Woods exclaimed, "Ida, look at what you have done. You have killed poor Mary Lee!"

Mary Lee died within the hour, and Ida Vanard was quickly placed under arrest. Her trial was speedy; the all-male jury hesitated to send a woman to prison, so Ida was released on grounds of self-defense.

After unleashing her Bowie knife skills on two clients in 1855, being indicted for gambling in 1859, and shooting a rival in the head in 1861, Ida finally found a jury who didn't mind sending a woman to prison. The violent whore would spend a year cooling off in San Quentin, putting an end to her blackguard adventures.

Dolores Martinez, a teenage prostitute in San Francisco, walked a similar path. Quarreling with a sporting woman named Serrolla Olle over a man, words turned deadly when Dolores plunged a dagger into Olle's heart. Again, one of California's celebrated whores was sentenced to a year in prison for taking the life of another, and greatly reducing the female population.

John Boessenecker is the author of *Gold Dust & Gunsmoke*, *Lawman*, and the co-author of the *The Grey Fox*.

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ASK THE MARSHALL

BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE

My cousin says a president of the United States once played Wyatt Earp in a movie. Is he nuts, or what?
—M. Richards, Des Moines, Iowa

Your cousin is correct. None other than Ronald Reagan, our 39th president, played a character based on Earp in the 1953 movie *Law & Order.*

Is it true rattlesnakes can be repelled by putting a rope around your sleeping bag at night? I've heard the rope tickles their bellies and they won't go over it.
—Cleo Jordan, Lincoln, New Mexico

I bear witness, a rattlesnake will cross over a horsehair rope. I've seen 'em do it more than once Using a rope to protect against a snake entering your camp is about as effective as sprinkling black pepper around as a barrier. The theory being the snake would sniff the pepper, begin sneezing and blow all it's venom, thus rendering the bite harmless.

Why was the five-pointed star chosen for a sheriff's badge?
—Wick Culbert, Yarnell, Arizona

Actually, the five-pointed star was intended for the Texas Rangers to represent "overseeing power." Some stars, however, were ordered up north and came shipped with six points. Regarding the star, primitive societies believed stars possessed magical powers, especially to guard against danger and to control evil forces. Stars were a symbol of guardianship, thus they were representative of lawmen as peacekeepers.

Ronald Reagan in Law & Order, *1953*

Is it true George Custer was offered a Gatling gun before his fatal march to Little Bighorn?
—Richard Ignarski, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Yes, Custer was given the choice of a Gatling gun detachment on the eve of his departure from the Yellowstone, but the animals hauling the guns were of such poor quality, Custer refused them. He was afraid the animals would impede his speed.

Who robbed more banks, Billy the Kid, Jesse James, or Butch Cassidy?
—David Dillard, Hot Springs, AR

None of the above. Billy robbed no banks, Jesse James out-robbed Butch Cassidy, and it was Henry Starr who out-robbed them all.

When and how did Jack Slade die?
—Don Radina, Coffeyville, Kansas

He was lynched by vigilantes in Virginia City, Montana, in 1863.

Apache Kid

Was the outlaw Apache Kid ever caught?
—Jennie Smith, Berwyn, Illinois

The Apache Kid was never captured or killed, at least as far as anybody could prove. The Kid, a former scout for General Crook, became a fugitive in 1889. The last report of him in Arizona came in 1894, before he disappeared in Mexico.

COLLECTOR'S CORNER

....A very rare **Billy the Kid** biography, *The New Mexican Outlaw; or the Bold Bandit of the West!*, by **Edmund Fable,** sold recently at **Butterfield & Butterfield** for $20,700. Published in 1881, the booklet is so rare (only two others are known to exist) **J.C. Dykes** once asked "Was this item ever printed?" Yes, and it's a beauty (see at right)...

...speaking of Billy, here's an update on the reimbursement request from **Juan Patron** we told you about last month. The document (Patron was seeking to get paid for keeping the Kid and others in his house as prisoners), was unearthed in Lincoln, NM, then evidently stolen within a week of its discovery. Several employees at the **New Museum of The American West** were given lie detector tests. A local, who didn't want to be identified for obvious reasons, claims a "Lincoln County collector who everybody knows," made off with the find Unfortunately, that narrows it down to just about everyone who lives in Lincoln...

...**Cowan's Auction House** recently sold a mint condition cabinet card of **Annie Oakley**, posing with three rifles, for $8,000...a 5X7, unsigned, **George Armstrong Custer** photo went for $13,500....

...as most seasoned collectors will tell you, **Sitting Bull's** signature is extremely rare. So a recent flurry of the Sioux chief's signatures showing up on **e-bay** has raised suspicions among veterans in the field. The purported signings (at least 10 have been posted) are on playing cards, stamped with "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, 1884" on them. Prices are in the $800 to $1,500 zone and interested parties should be very wary...

...after years of looking, researcher **Jeff Morey** has found a copy of *Saint Johnson* by **W.R. Burnett.** The 1930 book was the basis for the **John Huston** film *Law & Order* and tells the familiar Tombstone story with fictitious names: the **Wyatt Earp** character is called Wayt Johnson. Morey found the rare book on the Internet and paid a Green Bay, Wisconsin, bookseller $85 for the little treasure...

...A rare and extensive book collection from the **Fred Rosenstock** estate was bought at auction from the **Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum** last November 18 and 19th. The bidding was hot and heavy, but Scottsdaler, **Tom Swinford** of **TA Swinford Bookseller** finally snagged the prize. **Dorothy Sloan** was the auctioneer. The collection contained over 12,000 books, including numerous copies of books that have been out of print for decades. Among the prizes, pristine copies of *The Life of Tom Horn*, the 1904 edition, and *Poker Alice* by **Nolie Mumey.** Other rarities include numerous books by **Father Stanley,** the Catholic priest whose books are highly valued and collected. Said Swinford, "That's the easiest $100,000 I've ever spent."

...six cartes-de-visite albumen prints of the **James-Younger Gang** sold at Swann Galleries for $39,100. The images were taken after the disastrous Northfield raid in 1876....

What Things Are Worth

- **A bona fide Wyatt Earp letter:**
(typed): $10,000
(handwritten): $30-$50,000
- **Wells Fargo documents:**
$50 to $500 depending on locale.
Wells, Fargo WANTED posters:
$3,000 to $5,000
- **John Wesley Hardin business card:**
$800.
- **Billy the Kid Wanted Poster:**
Beware! No such item exists
- **The pistol that killed Billy the Kid:**
$1,000,000
- **An image of an Ellsworth, Kansas gunfighter, with tied-down holsters:**
$2,000

Rare & Out-of-Print

True West (No. 58, April-May 1958, European Editron)
Italian Translation

For the first ten years of publication, True West magazine was distributed in pocket-book form throughout Europe. This extremely rare edition is entirely in Italian, and features articles on Rose of Cimarron, Billy the Kid, Sam Bass, and Quanah Parker. Autographed by featured author Glenn Shirley. Opening bid: $75

Note: The volume offered has some minor creasing on the spine, the back cover features Roy Rogers. Open bidding ends February 28, 2000. Bids may be placed by calling (888) 687-1881 (8a.m.-5p.m. Pacific Standard Time). All bids will remain confidential.

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GATES OF HELL—Famous Gallows of Fort Smith Arkansas. Send $12.95 c/o Lonnie Moore, 174 Oak Dr Pkwy, Oroville, CA 95966.

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ORIGINAL Wild West Historical Newspapers for sale. Catalog $2. Stephen Goldman Historical Newspapers, PO Box 359, Parkton, MD 21120. 410-357-8204.

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"When that rope starts to pull tight, you can feel the devil bite your ass."

—ELI WALLACH, *from The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly (1968).*

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"I'll be in hell before you start breakfast, boys. Let'er go."

—BLACKJACK KETCHUM, *seconds before being hanged.*

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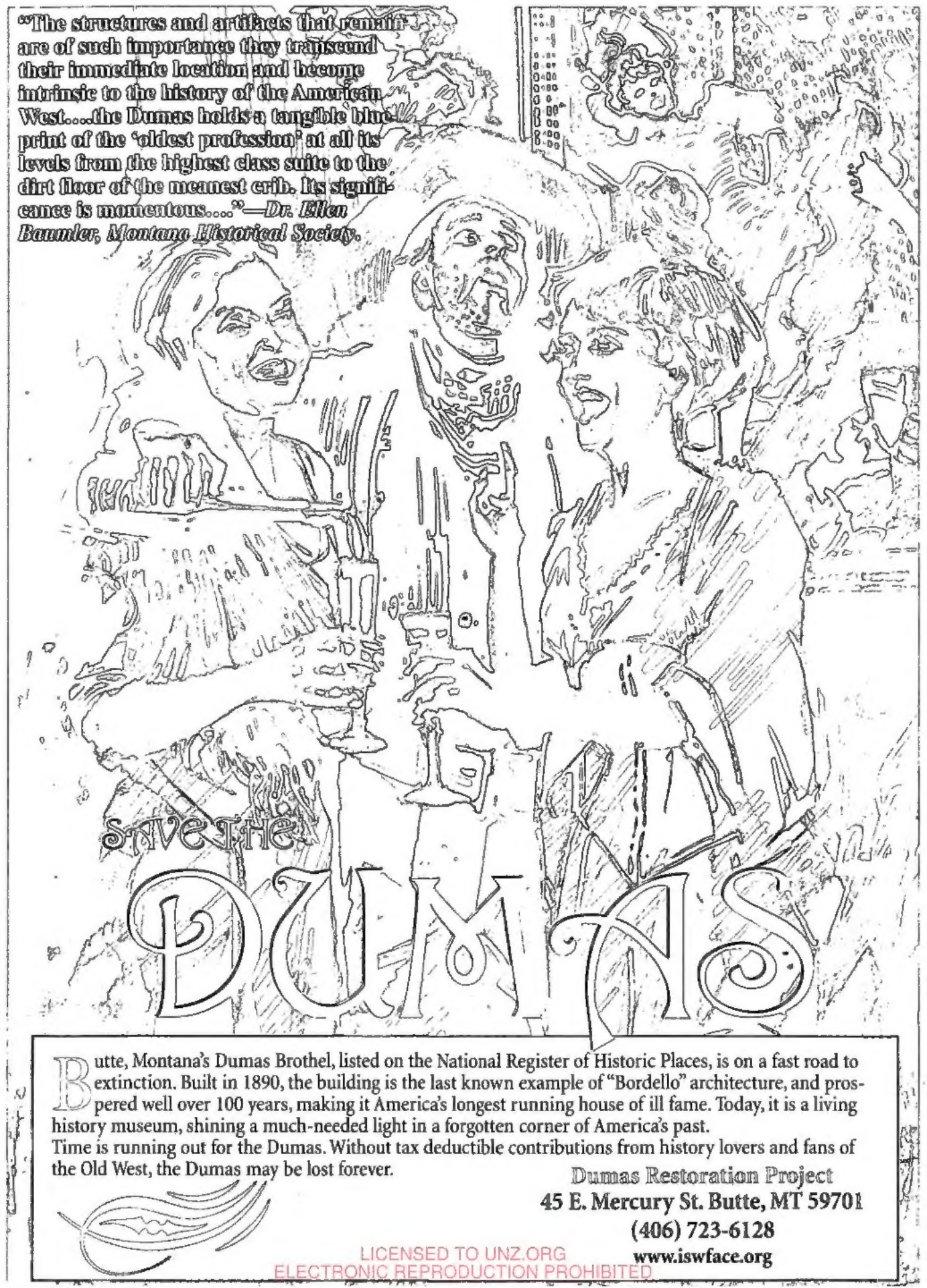
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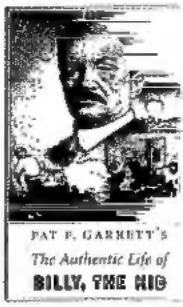

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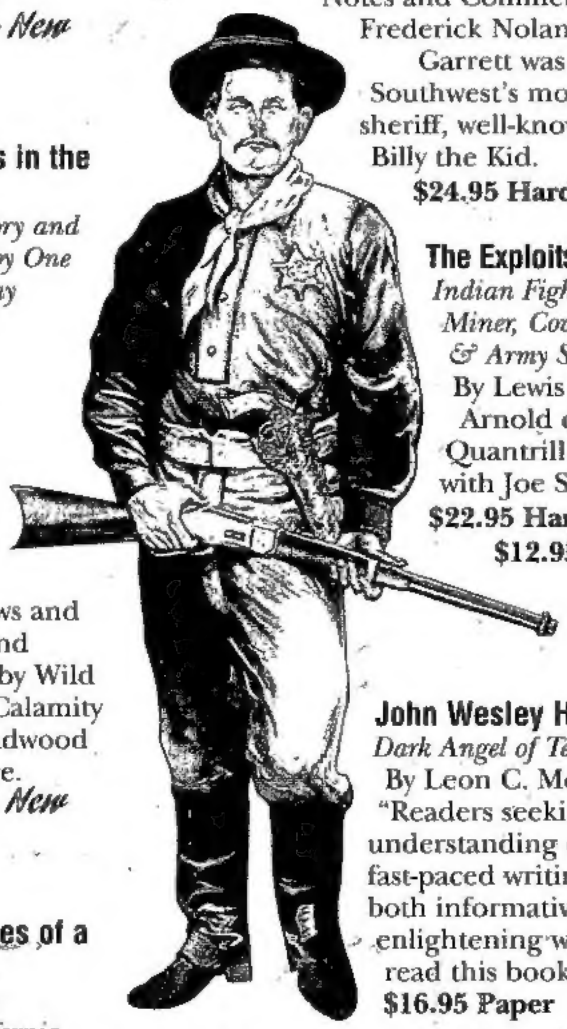

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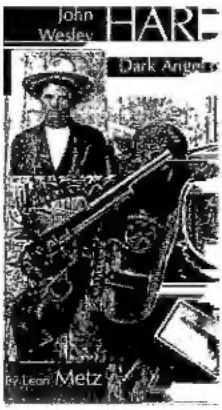

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